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—Alfred E. Neuman

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the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—Oct. 1975, Volume 1, No. 178. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: In U.S.A., 20 issues $10.00. Outside U.S.A., 20 issues $12.50. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1975 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
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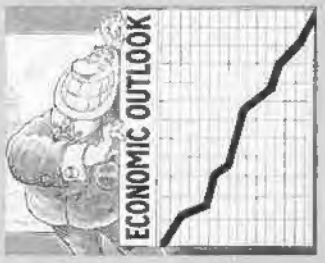
VITAL FEATURES

THE ODDFATHER PART, TOO! Pg. 4



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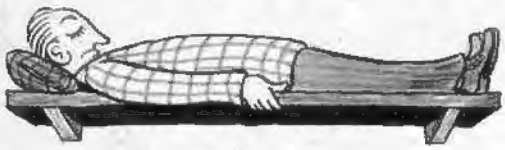

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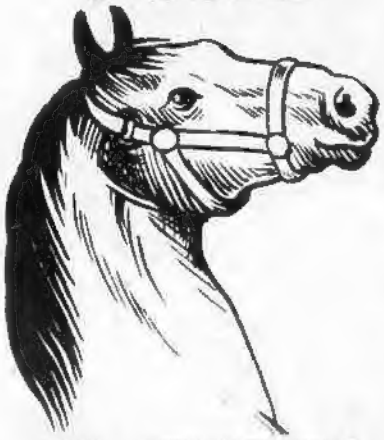
INSTEAD OF OUR USUAL LETTERS PAGE, WE

MAD ARTISTS' RESPONSE TO

DRAW THIS FIGURE



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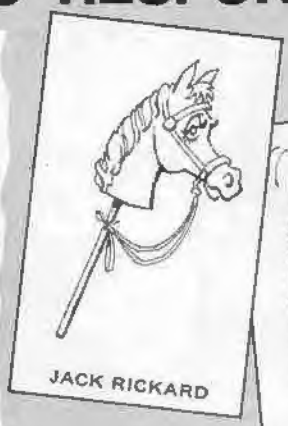

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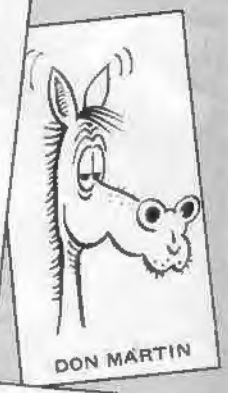

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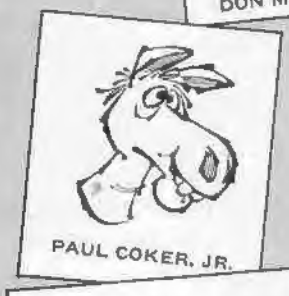

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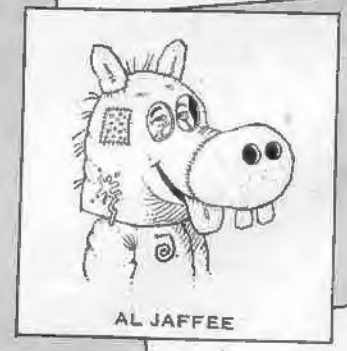

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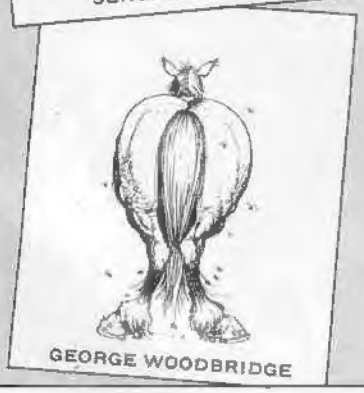
SERGIO ARAGONES



GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

HORSE DRAWERS' ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOL

INTER-OFFICE MEMO

Sid - We got some "live ones" here! Not an ounce of talent in the bunch! Sign 'em up - quick! Art

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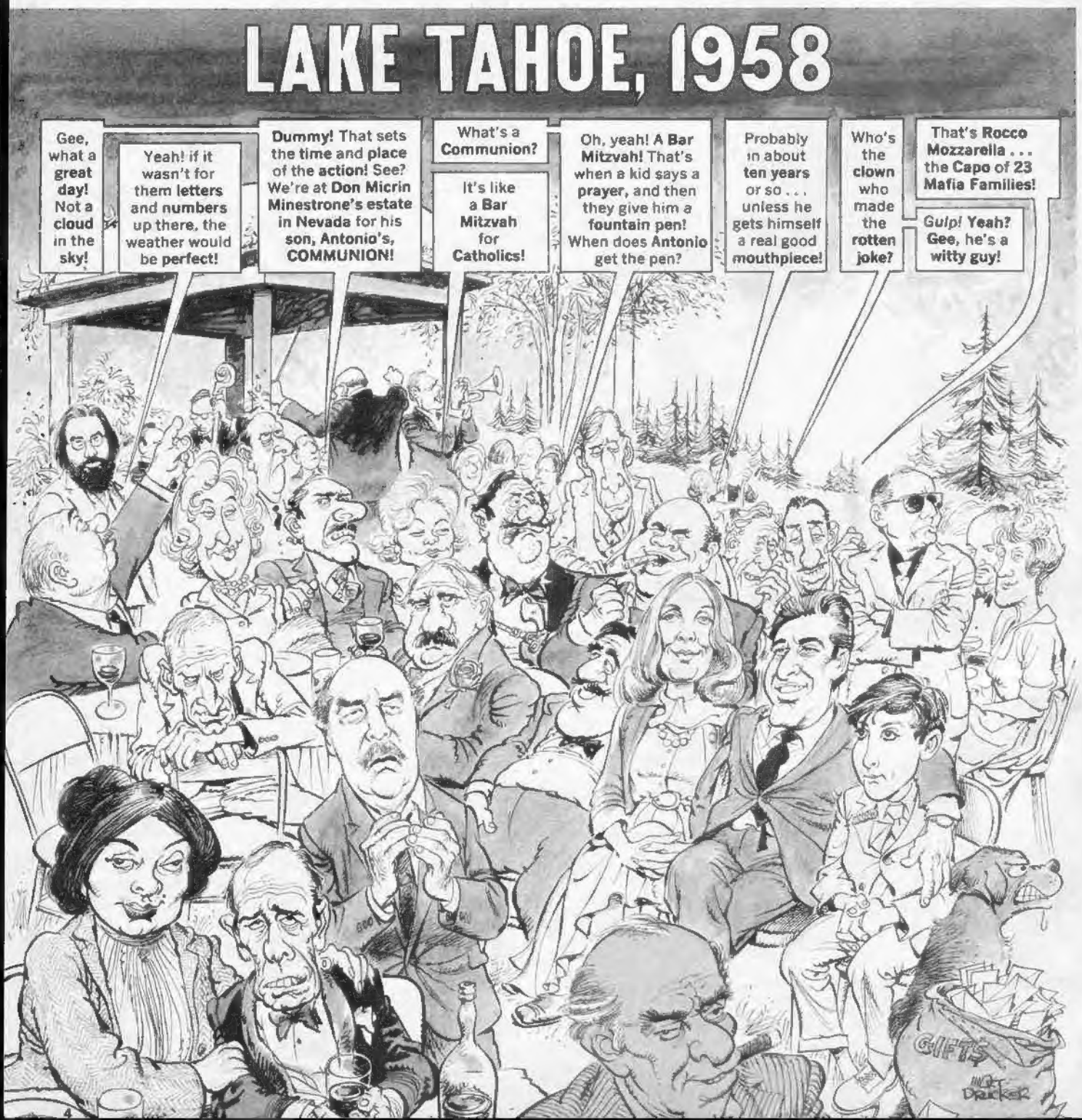
MONEY BACK OFFER

Yep, here we go again with another of these ineffective offers of full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, suitable for framing, or wrapping fish, or training puppies, or lining bird cages. So if you'd like to help us get the money back that we invested in overprinting these bombs, order yours today. Send 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, $1.55 for 9, $3.15 for 27 or $6.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

"FAMILY" REUNION DEPT.

When last we saw the beloved Minestrone Family three years (and a couple of hundred bodies, and several Academy Awards, and $100 million in box office grosses) ago, God had made Vino, the original Odd Father, an offer he couldn't refuse and called him to that "Great Pizzeria In The Sky," and Micrin, Vino's youngest son, had taken over. We pick up the action again with Micrin Minestrone as Head of the Family and determined to prove that *he* can play . . .

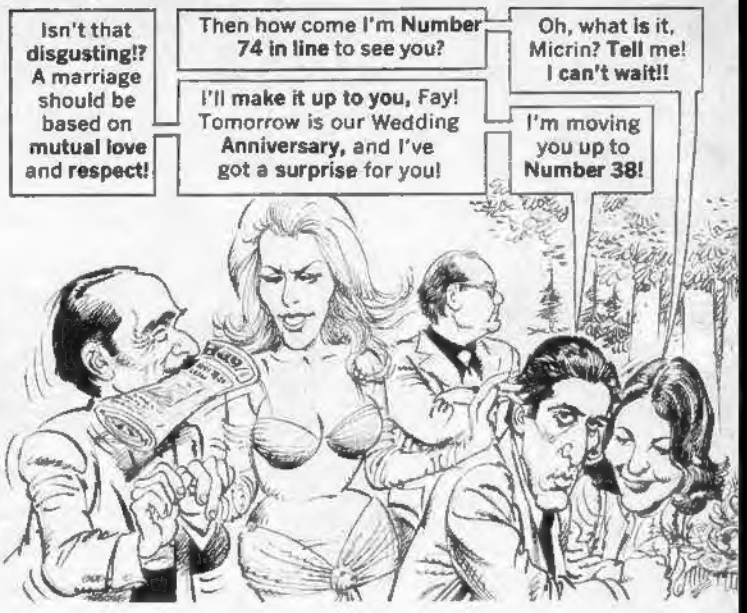
THE O PA

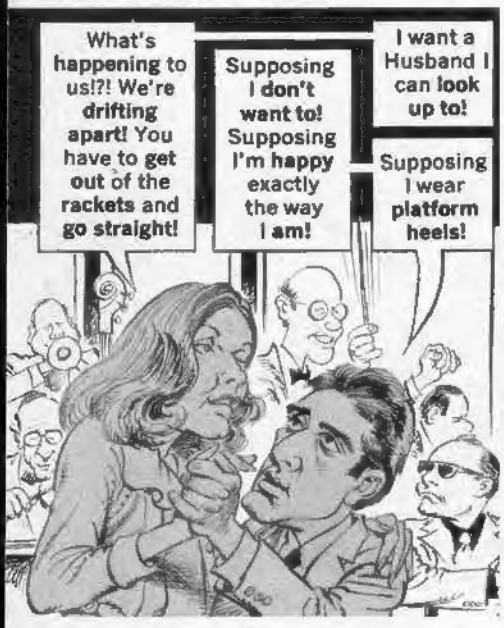


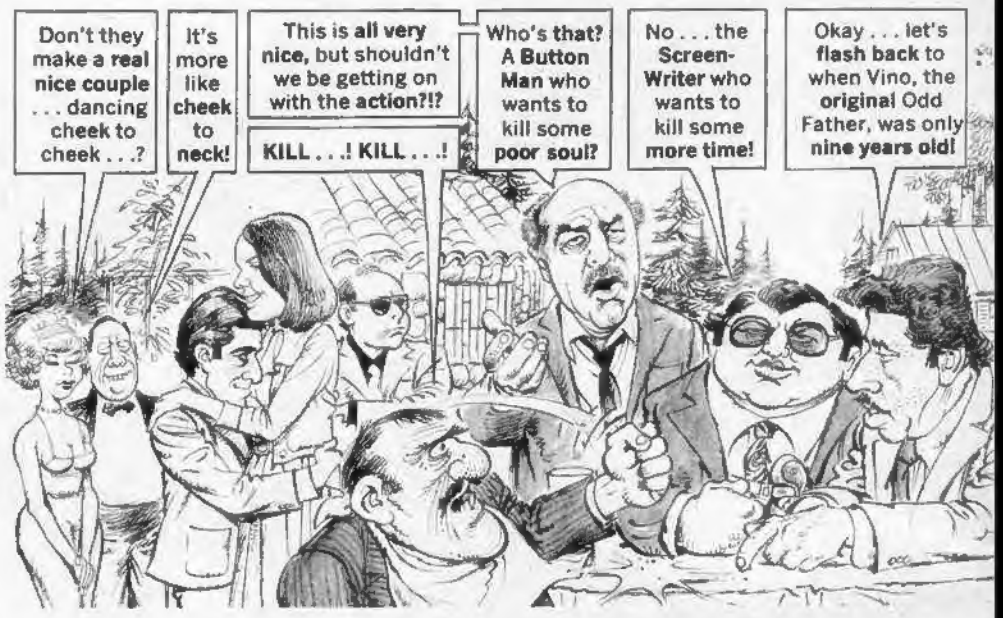
DD FATHER RT, TOO!

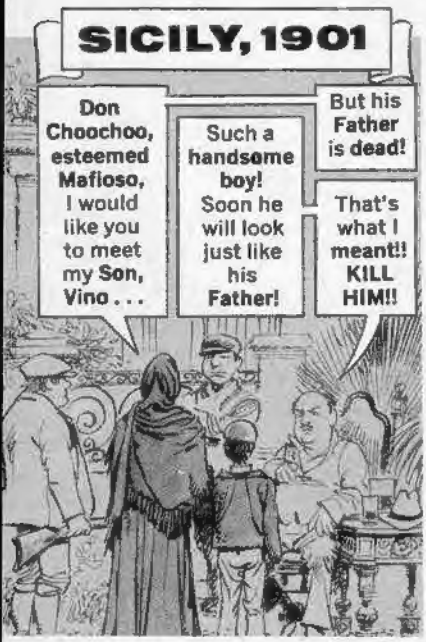
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

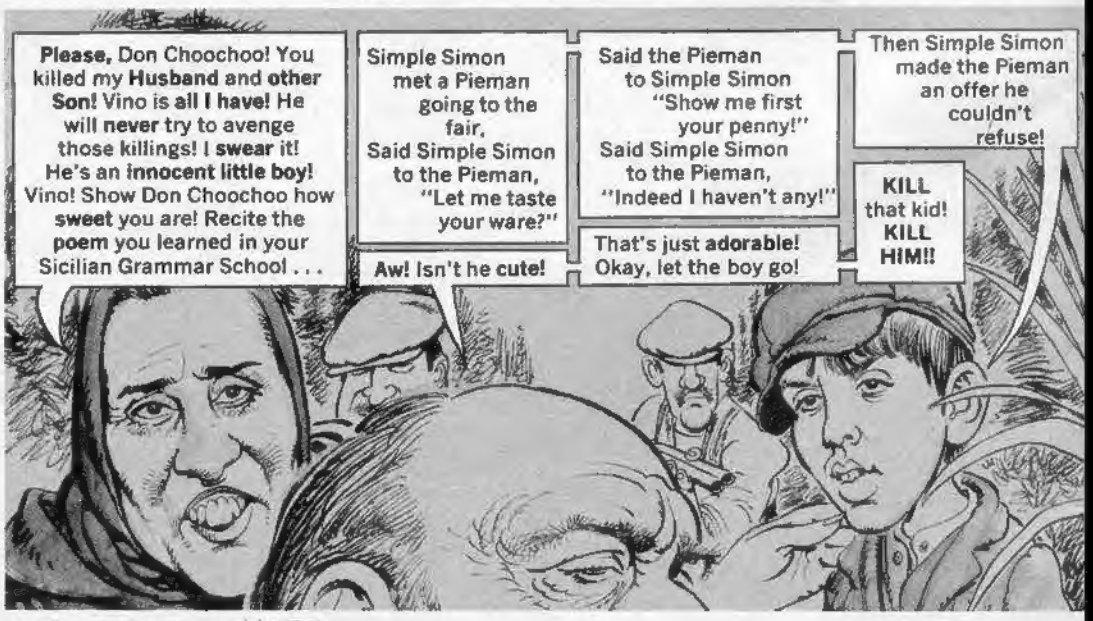
Some family I got! My Sister, Canny, wants to marry a bum . . . and my Brother, Freako, is married to a tramp!!
Don't say that about my wife, Micrin! It's not fair!
Come on, Freako! She treats you like a dog!
That's a dirty lie!!
Freako, have you seen today's newspaper . . .!
I'll go and fetch it for you, Honey!

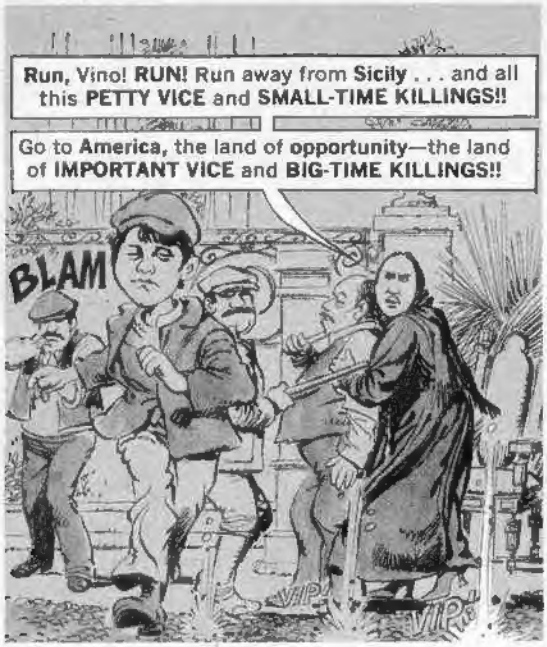

Isn't that disgusting!? A marriage should be based on mutual love and respect!
Then how come I'm Number 74 in line to see you?
I'll make it up to you, Fay! Tomorrow is our Wedding Anniversary, and I've got a surprise for you!
Oh, what is it, Micrin? Tell me! I can't wait!!
I'm moving you up to Number 38!


What's happening to us!?! We're drifting apart! You have to get out of the rackets and go straight!
Supposing I don't want to! Supposing I'm happy exactly the way I am!
I want a Husband I can look up to!
Supposing I wear platform heels!


Don't they make a real nice couple . . . dancing cheek to cheek . . .?
It's more like cheek to neck!
This is all very nice, but shouldn't we be getting on with the action?!?
KILL . . .! KILL . . .!
Who's that? A Button Man who wants to kill some poor soul?
No . . . the Screen-Writer who wants to kill some more time!
Okay . . . let's flash back to when Vino, the original Odd Father, was only nine years old!


SICILY, 1901
Don Choochoo, esteemed Mafioso, I would like you to meet my Son, Vino . . .
Such a handsome boy! Soon he will look just like his Father!
But his Father is dead!
That's what I meant!! KILL HIM!!

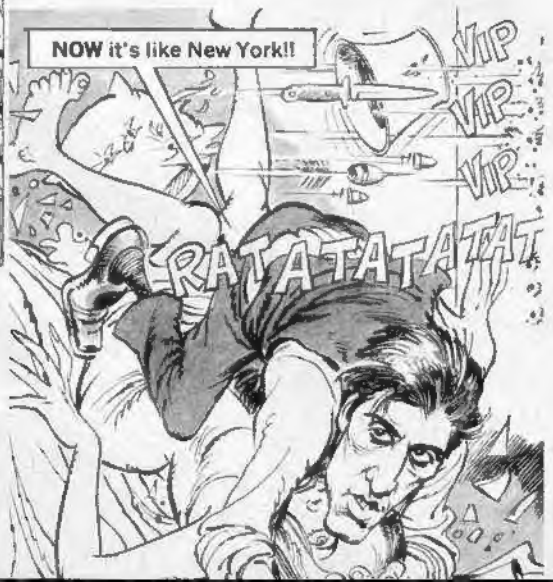

Please, Don Choochoo! You killed my Husband and other Son! Vino is all I have! He will never try to avenge those killings! I swear it! He's an innocent little boy! Vino! Show Don Choochoo how sweet you are! Recite the poem you learned in your Sicilian Grammar School . . .
Simple Simon met a Pieman going to the fair, Said Simple Simon to the Pieman, "Let me taste your ware?"
Aw! Isn't he cute!
Said the Pieman to Simple Simon "Show me first your penny!" Said Simple Simon to the Pieman, "Indeed I haven't any!"
That's just adorable! Okay, let the boy go!
Then Simple Simon made the Pieman an offer he couldn't refuse!
KILL that kid! KILL HIM!!

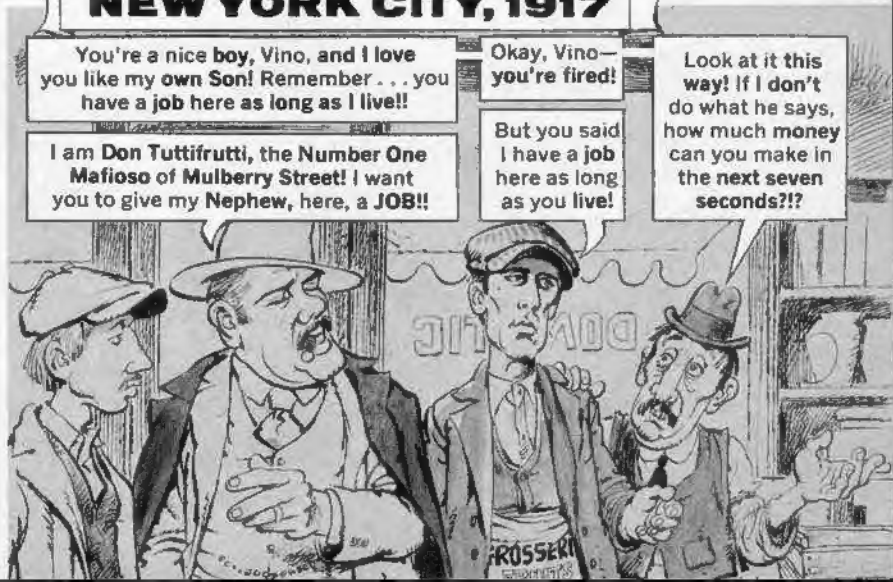

Run, Vino! RUN! Run away from Sicily . . . and all this PETTY VICE and SMALL-TIME KILLINGS!!
Go to America, the land of opportunity—the land of IMPORTANT VICE and BIG-TIME KILLINGS!!
BLAM
VIP
VIP

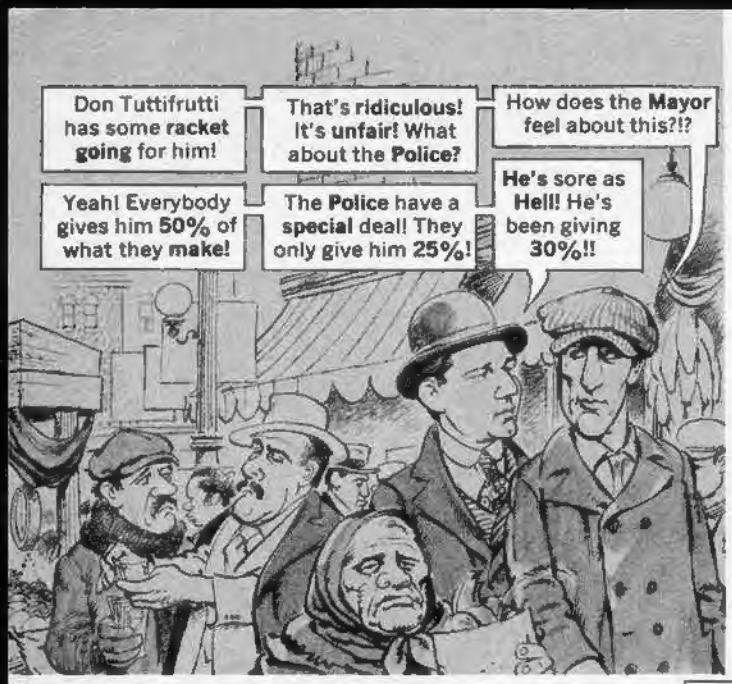
ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK, 1901
C'mon! Step lively, you wretched refuse from a teeming shore!
They sure make you feel wanted here in the U.S.A.!
I can't believe that I'm in America! I just can't believe it!
HELP!! Somebody stole my wallet!!
Now, I believe it!
Okay, who are you . . .?
I'm one of the huddled masses . . . yearning to breathe free!
Yeah?!? Wait until you get a whiff of those New York tenements!

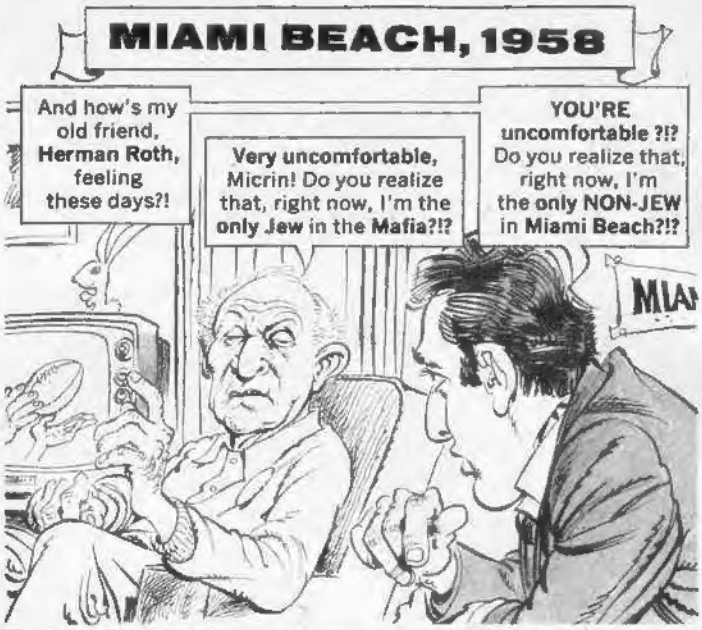
I plan to be a teacher here in the New World!
I plan to be a great scientist!
I want to make this country a much cleaner place to live in!
That's sweet! And how do you plan to do that, little boy . . .?
By controlling all the garbage collection on the Whole East Coast! Or . . .
Or what?
Or ELSE?

LAKE TAHOE, 1958
Micrin, you don't love me anymore! You're so wrapped up in your rackets and killing, you don't even remember what SEX is! I'll bet you don't even know how our kids were born!
Oh, Micrin, you're so silly! Come to bed!
I can't stand it here in Nevada! I miss New York!
Are you kidding?! All that water . . . the trees . . . the birds! It's no where LIKE New York!!
Of course I do! You kissed my hand . . . and then, nine months later . . . there they were!!
Not tonight! I have a headache!
This place is like New York!


NOW it's like New York!!
VIP
VIP
VIP
RATATATATAT

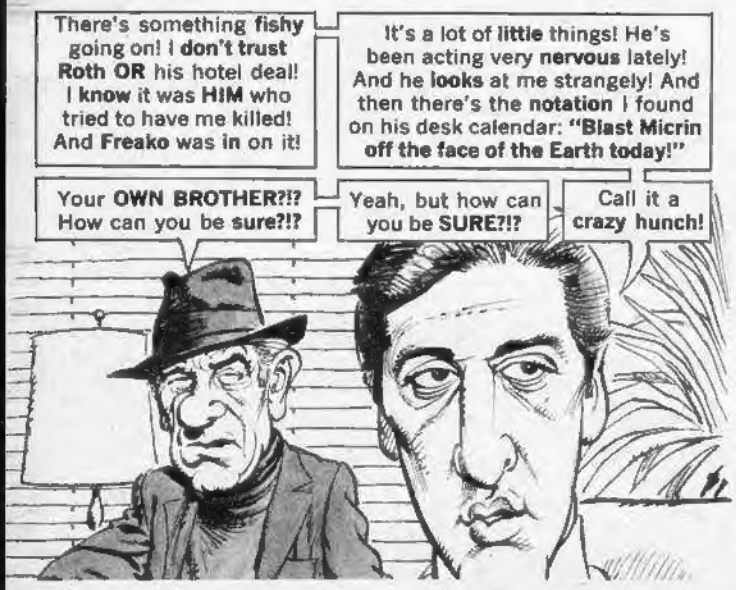

NEW YORK CITY, 1917
You're a nice boy, Vino, and I love you like my own Son! Remember . . . you have a job here as long as I live!!
Okay, Vino—you're fired!
Look at it this way! If I don't do what he says, how much money can you make in the next seven seconds?!?
I am Don Tuttifrutti, the Number One Mafioso of Mulberry Street! I want you to give my Nephew, here, a JOB!!
But you said I have a job here as long as you live!

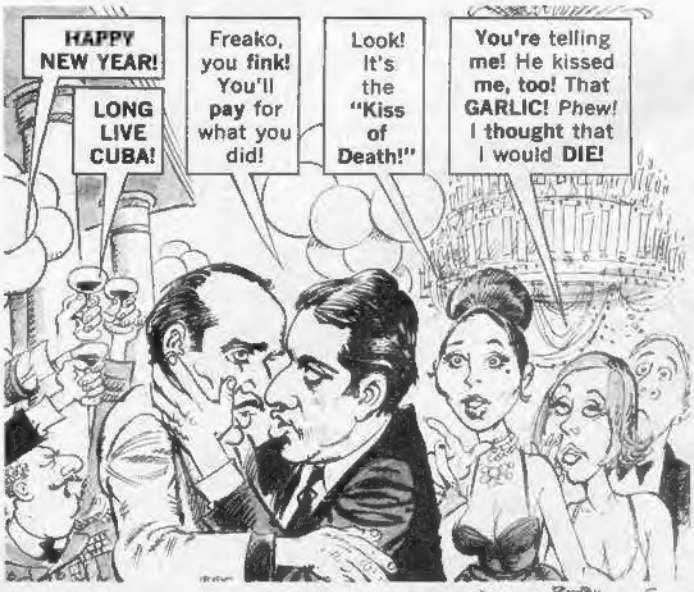

Don Tuttifrutti has some racket going for him!
That's ridiculous! It's unfair! What about the Police?
How does the Mayor feel about this?!?
Yeah! Everybody gives him 50% of what they make!
The Police have a special deal! They only give him 25%!
He's sore as Hell! He's been giving 30%!!


MIAMI BEACH, 1958
And how's my old friend, Herman Roth, feeling these days?!
Very uncomfortable, Micrin! Do you realize that, right now, I'm the only Jew in the Mafia?!?
YOU'RE uncomfortable ?!? Do you realize that, right now, I'm the only NON-JEW in Miami Beach?!?

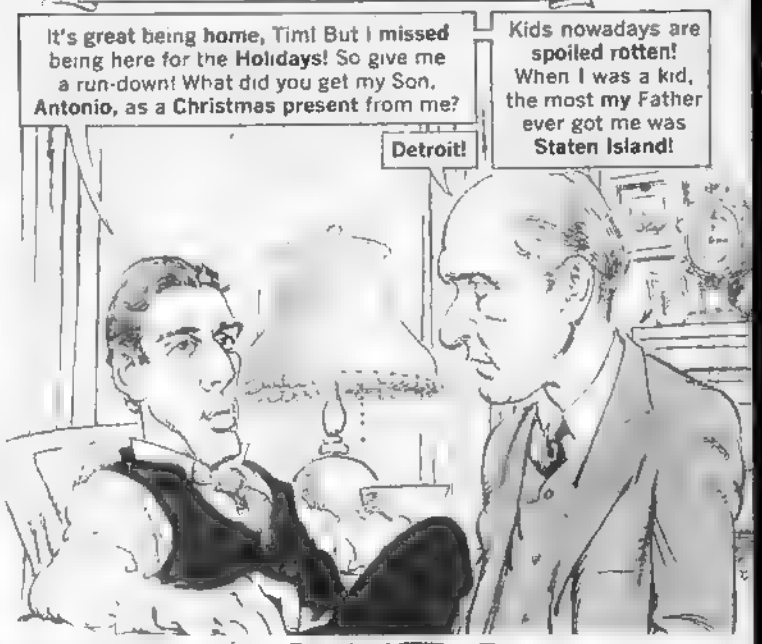
Okay . . . here's my business proposition! You and I go down to Havana, and we start buying up the hotels! In no time at all, we can OWN Cuba!
Listen, Herman, the Mafia may move in strange ways, but we're really patriotic Americans! We're not interested in owning any foreign country!
I'm sorry, Micrin! I didn't . . .
Yes, sir! Owning the good ol' U.S.A. is enough for us!!
ACTORS STUDIO

HAVANA, CUBA, 1958
Batista is very friendly to American Business! If we close this hotel deal, we're MADE!
As the President of Cuba, I welcome all you important Industrialists! Please state your company affiliation!
I'm with General Motors!
I'm with United Airlines!
Mmm! I love the sound of those names!
I'm with Castro Convertibles!
YOU, get out!


There's something fishy going on! I don't trust Roth OR his hotel deal! I know it was HIM who tried to have me killed! And Freako was in on it!
It's a lot of little things! He's been acting very nervous lately! And he looks at me strangely! And then there's the notation I found on his desk calendar: "Blast Micrin off the face of the Earth today!"
Your OWN BROTHER?!? How can you be sure?!?
Yeah, but how can you be SURE?!?
Call it a crazy hunch!

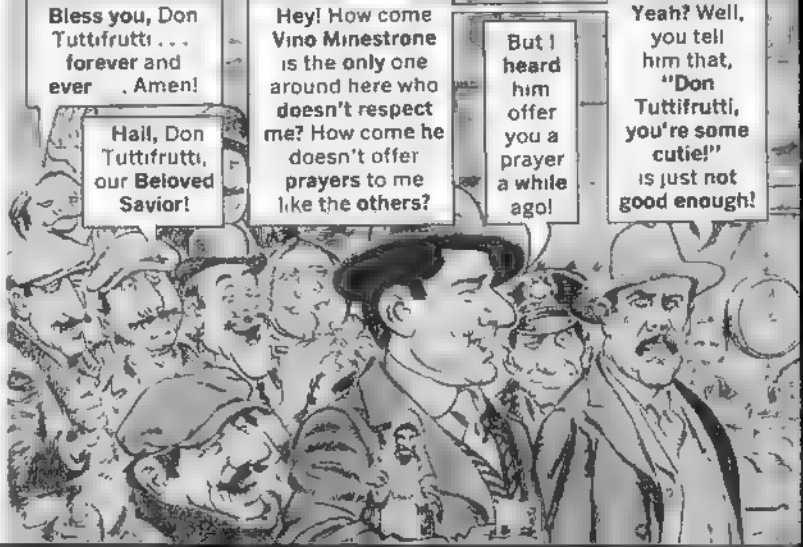

HAPPY NEW YEAR!
LONG LIVE CUBA!
Freako, you fink! You'll pay for what you did!
Look! It's the "Kiss of Death!"
You're telling me! He kissed me, too! That GARLIC! Phew! I thought that I would DIE!

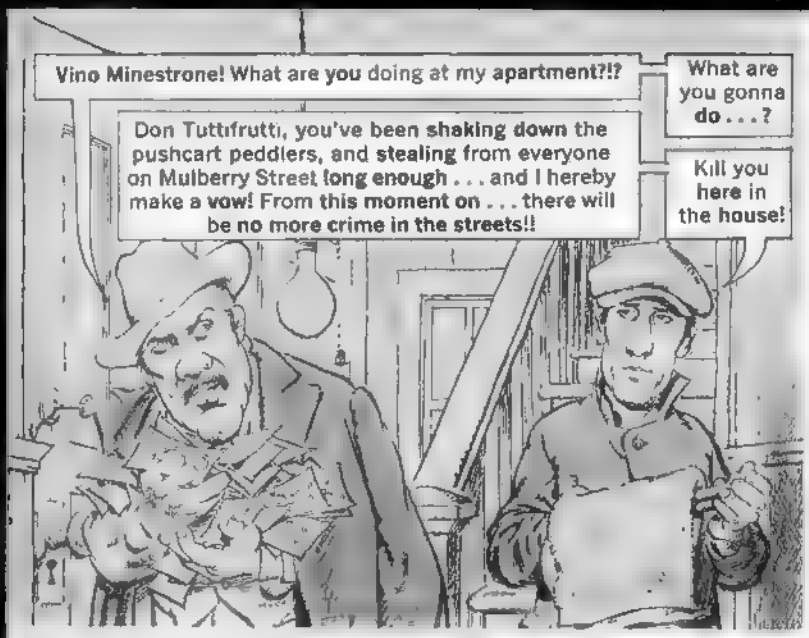
LAKE TAHOE, 1959



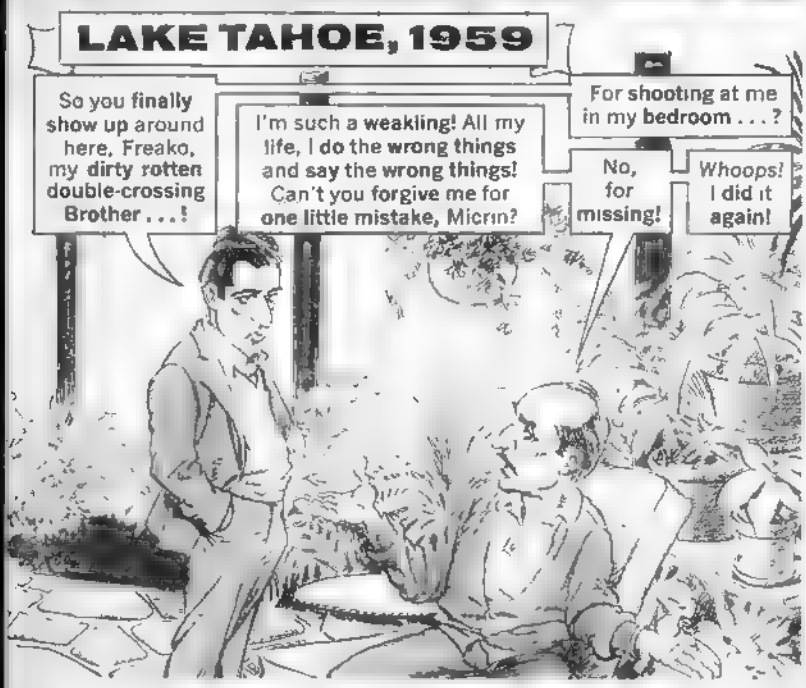
WASHINGTON, D.C. 1959

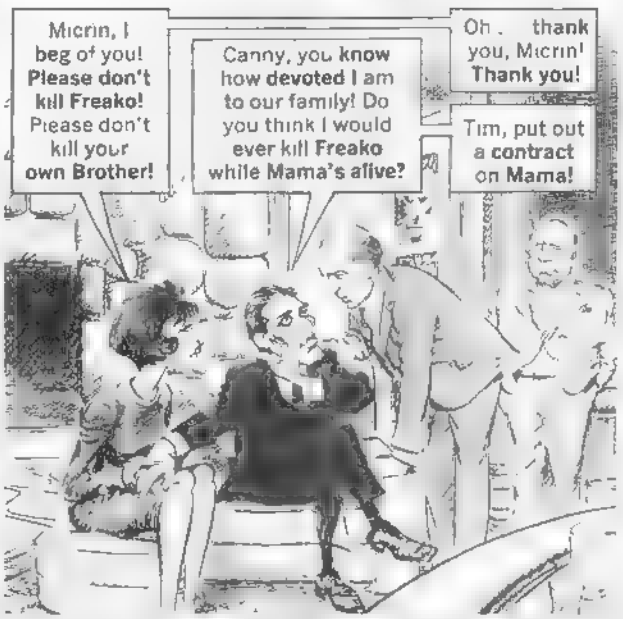
NEW YORK CITY, 1917

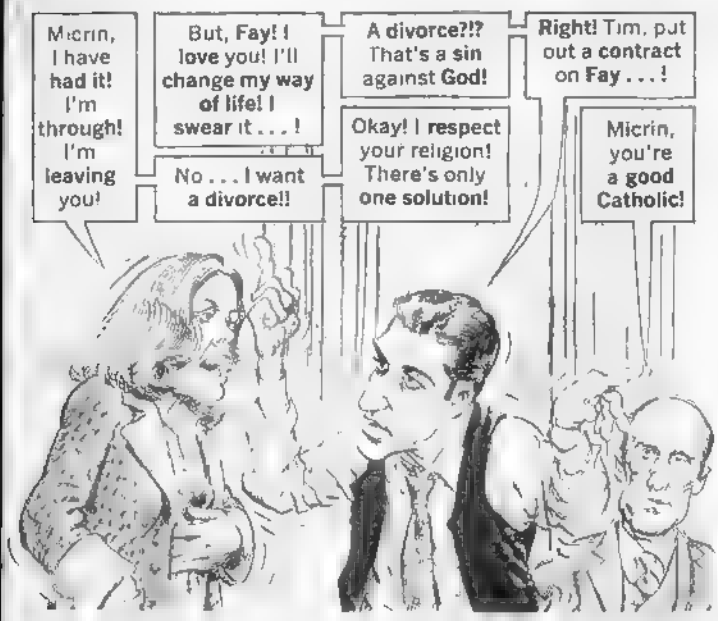


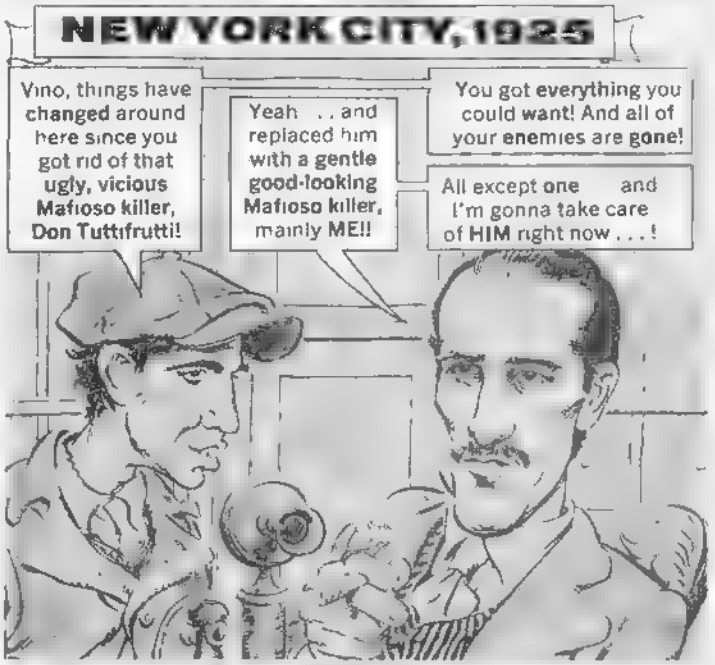

Vino Minestrone! What are you doing at my apartment?!?
What are you gonna do . . . ?
Don Tuttifrutti, you've been shaking down the pushcart peddlers, and stealing from everyone on Mulberry Street long enough . . . and I hereby make a vow! From this moment on . . . there will be no more crime in the streets!!
Kill you here in the house!

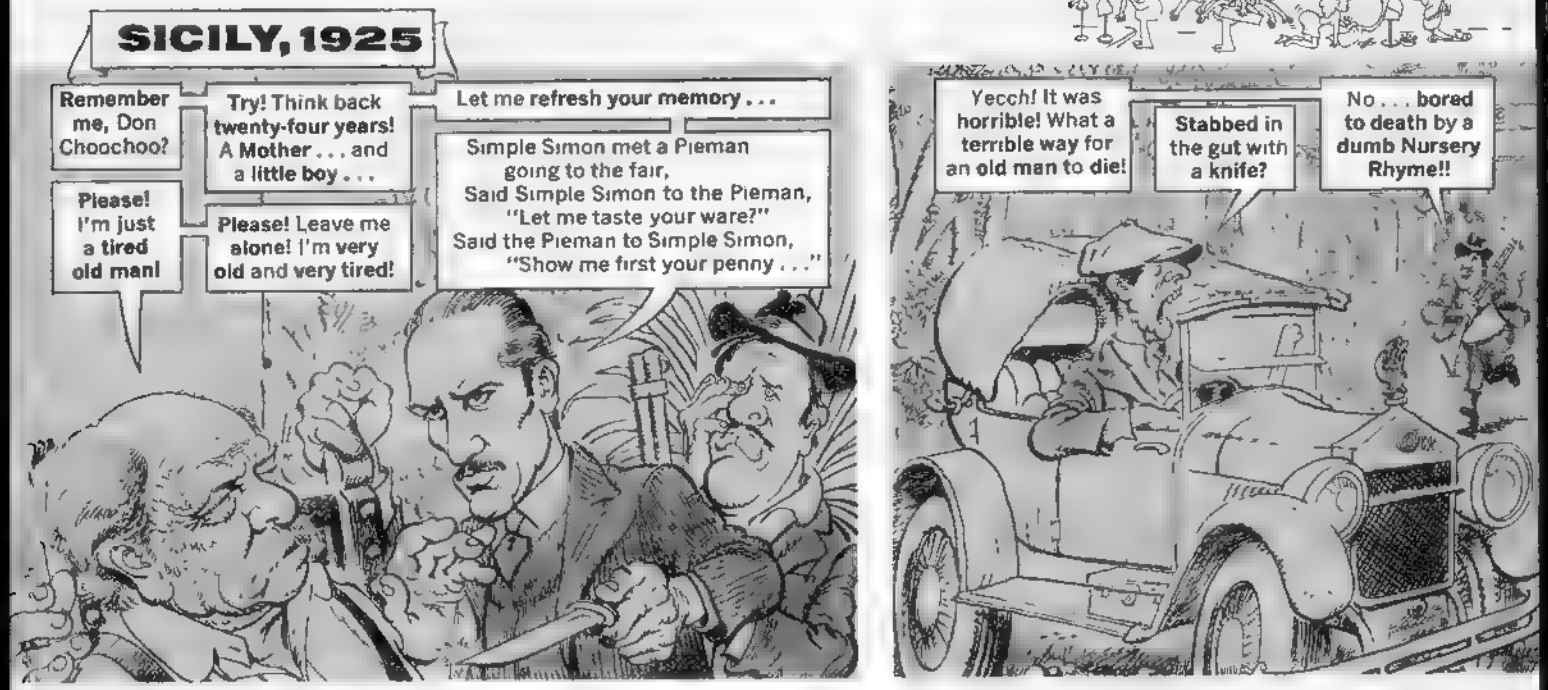
BLAM! BLAM!

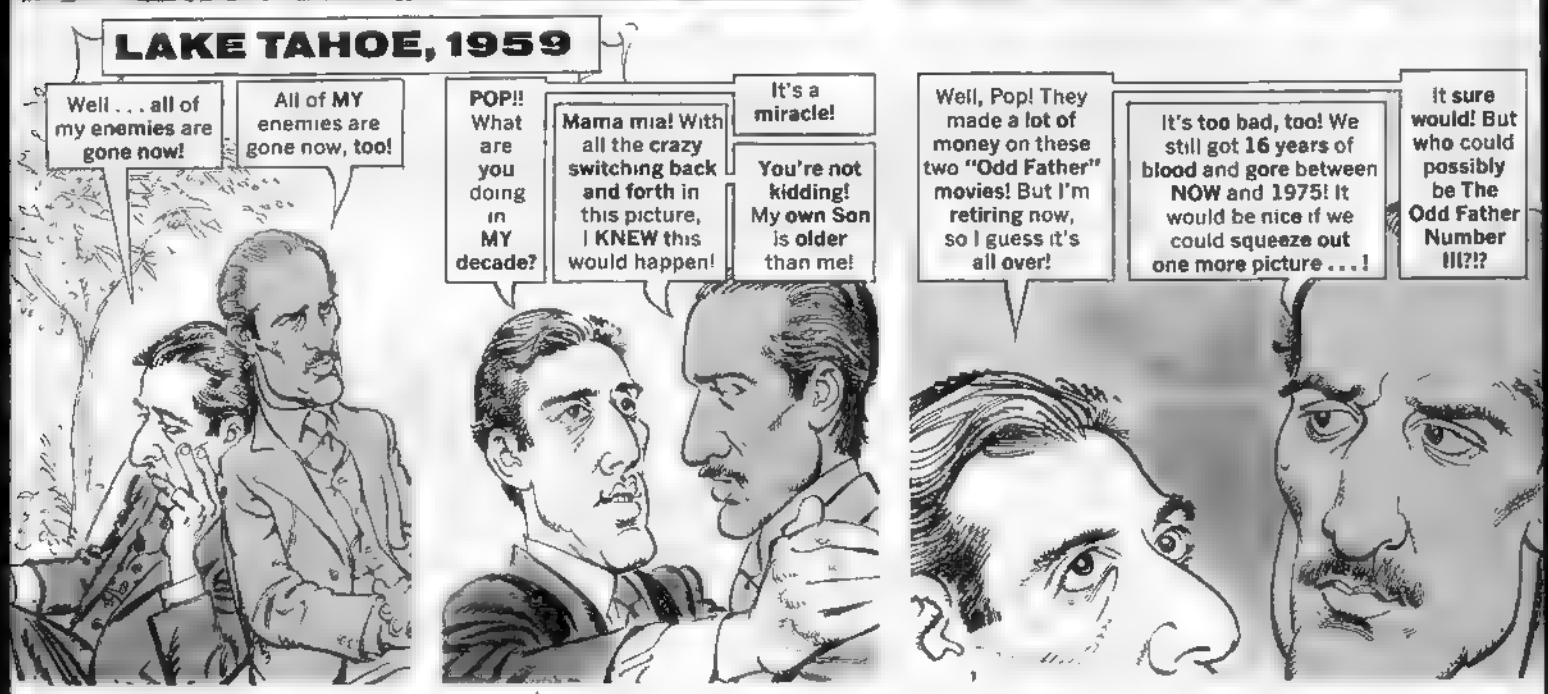

LAKE TAHOE, 1959
So you finally show up around here, Freako, my dirty rotten double-crossing Brother . . . !
I'm such a weakling! All my life, I do the wrong things and say the wrong things! Can't you forgive me for one little mistake, Micrin?
For shooting at me in my bedroom . . . ?
No, for missing!
Whoops! I did it again!

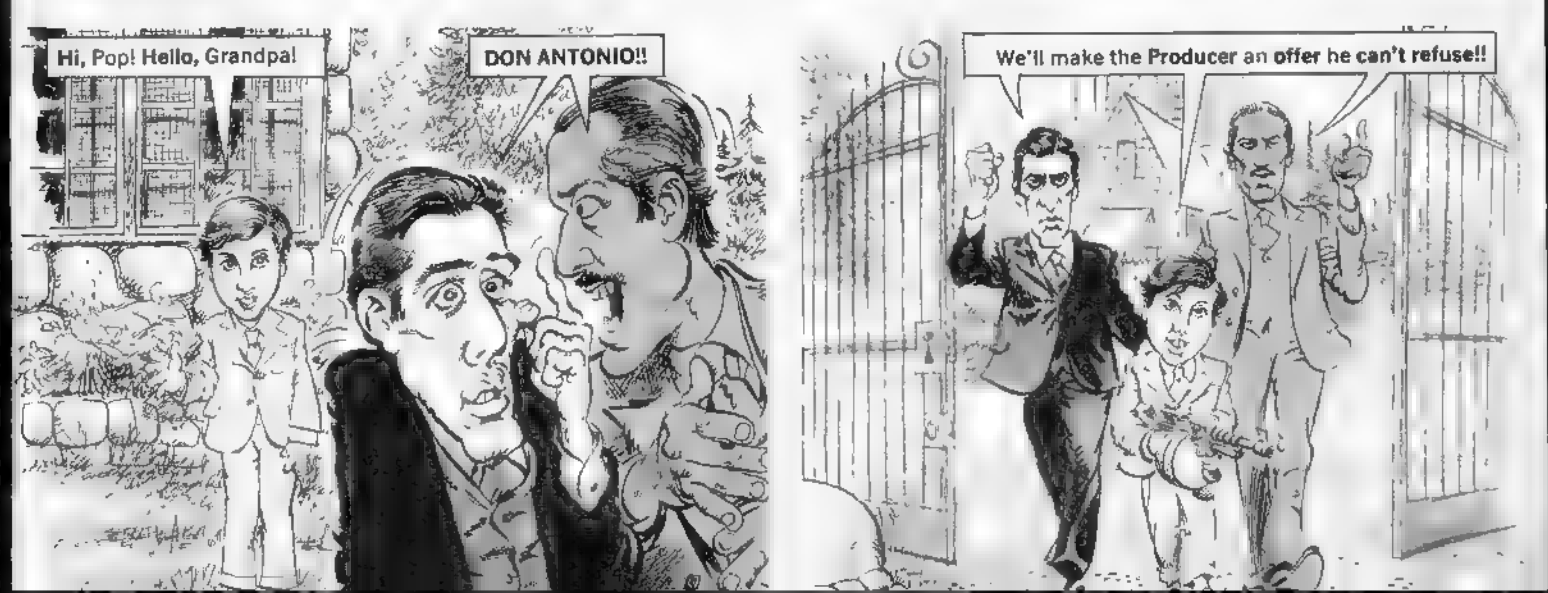

Micrin, I beg of you! Please don't kill Freako! Please don't kill your own Brother!
Canny, you know how devoted I am to our family! Do you think I would ever kill Freako while Mama's alive?
Oh . thank you, Micrin! Thank you!
Tim, put out a contract on Mama!


Micrin, I have had it! I'm through! I'm leaving you!
But, Fay! I love you! I'll change my way of life! I swear it . . . !
No . . . I want a divorce!!
A divorce?!? That's a sin against God!
Okay! I respect your religion! There's only one solution!
Right! Tim, put out a contract on Fay . . . !
Micrin, you're a good Catholic!


NEW YORK CITY, 1925
Vino, things have changed around here since you got rid of that ugly, vicious Mafioso killer, Don Tuttifrutti!
Yeah . . and replaced him with a gentle good-looking Mafioso killer, mainly ME!!
You got everything you could want! And all of your enemies are gone!
All except one and I'm gonna take care of HIM right now . . . !

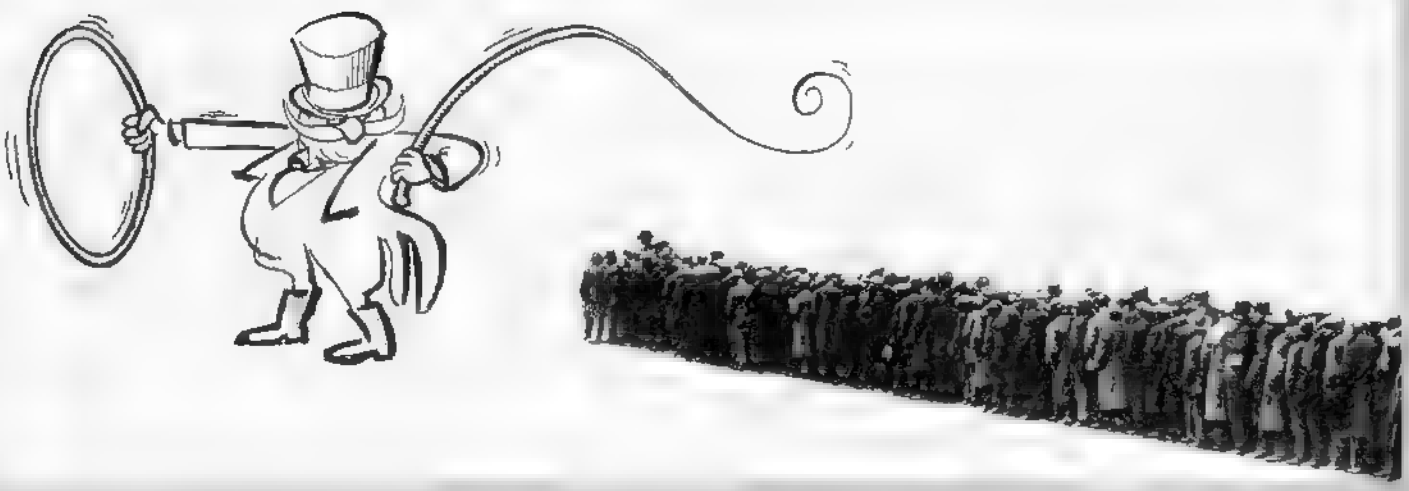

SICILY, 1925
Remember me, Don Choochoo?
Please! I'm just a tired old man!
Try! Think back twenty-four years! A Mother . . . and a little boy . . .
Please! Leave me alone! I'm very old and very tired!
Let me refresh your memory . . .
Simple Simon met a Pieman going to the fair, Said Simple Simon to the Pieman, "Let me taste your ware?" Said the Pieman to Simple Simon, "Show me first your penny . . ."
Yecch! It was horrible! What a terrible way for an old man to die!
Stabbed in the gut with a knife?
No . . . bored to death by a dumb Nursery Rhyme!!

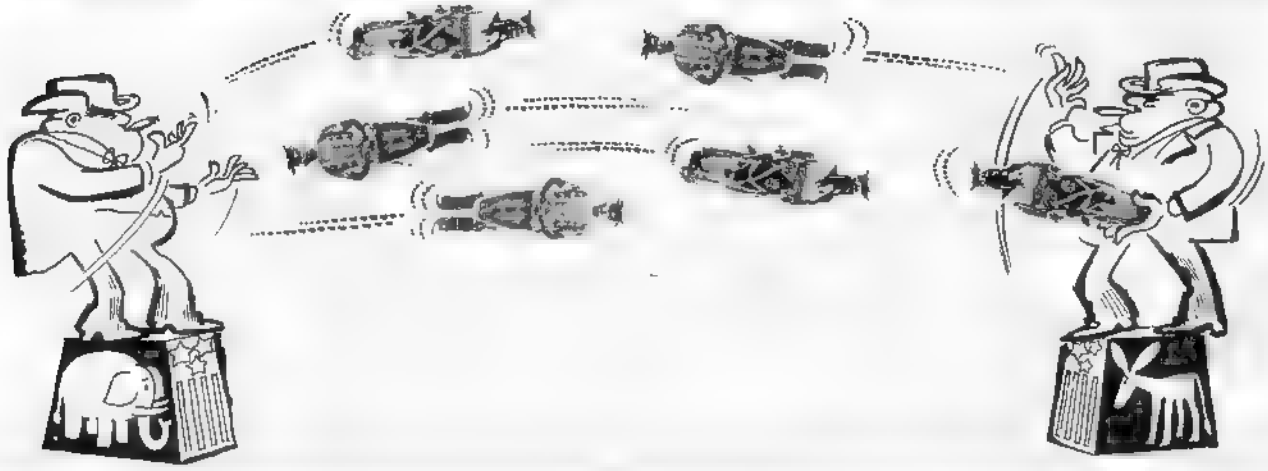

LAKE TAHOE, 1959
Well . . . all of my enemies are gone now!
All of MY enemies are gone now, too!
POP!! What are you doing in MY decade?
Mama mia! With all the crazy switching back and forth in this picture, I KNEW this would happen!
It's a miracle!
You're not kidding! My own Son is older than me!
Well, Pop! They made a lot of money on these two "Odd Father" movies! But I'm retiring now, so I guess it's all over!
It's too bad, too! We still got 16 years of blood and gore between NOW and 1975! It would be nice if we could squeeze out one more picture . . . !
It sure would! But who could possibly be The Odd Father Number III?!?


Hi, Pop! Hello, Grandpa!
DON ANTONIO!!
We'll make the Producer an offer he can't refuse!!

ACTS TO GRIND DEPT.

THE MA





D CIRCUS

ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

PHOTOS BY UPI

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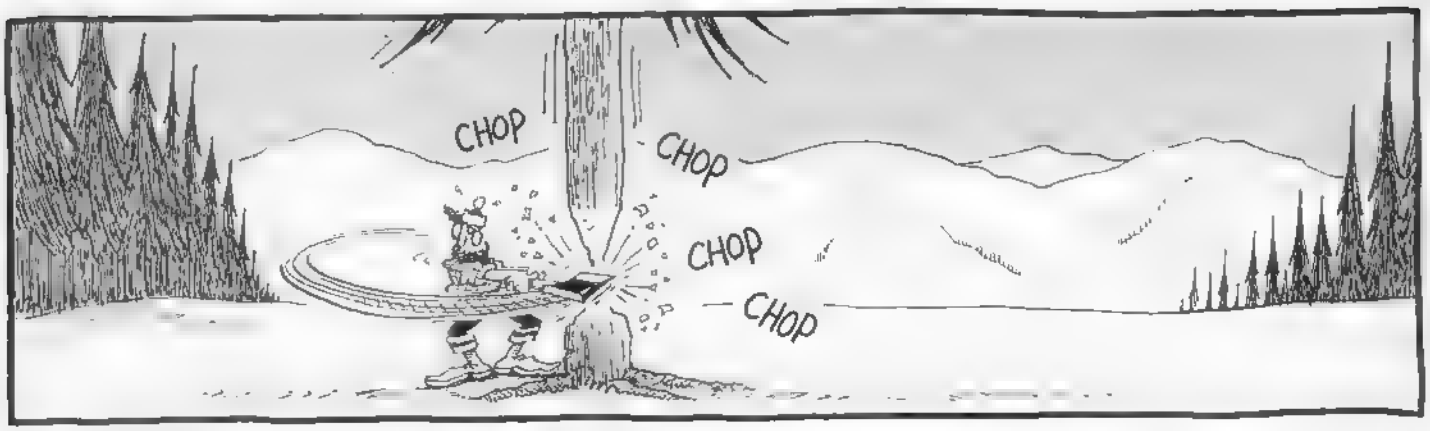
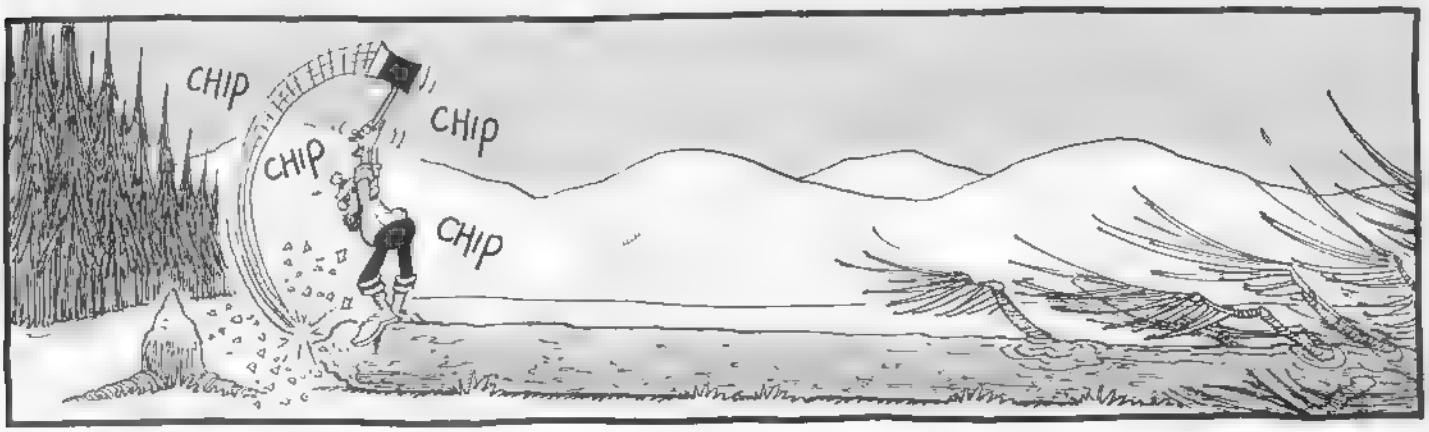
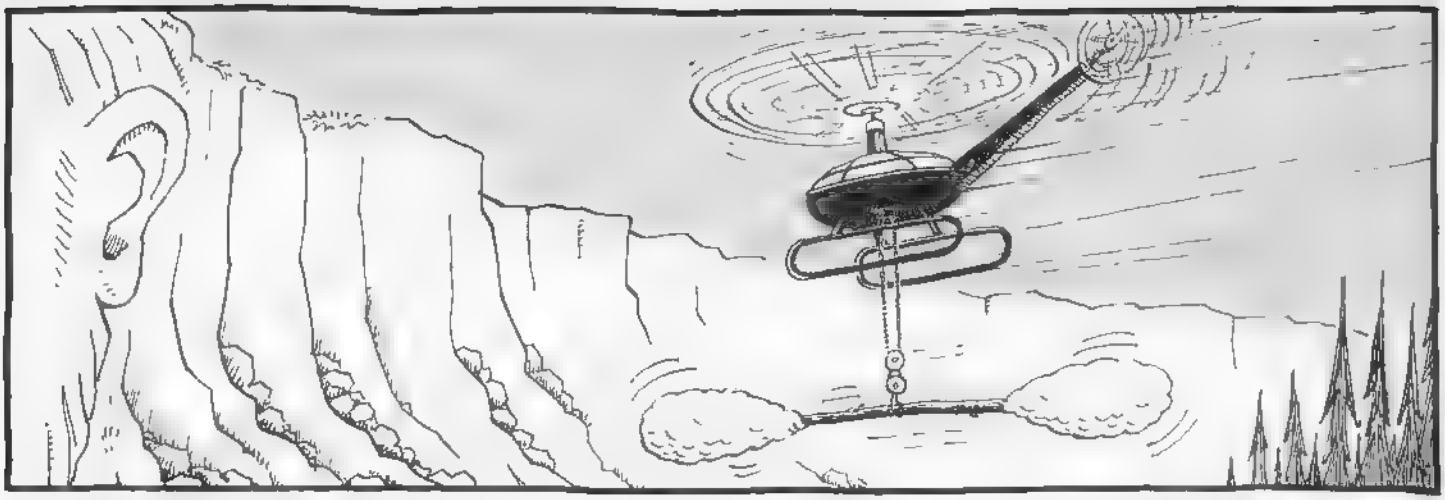
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE DAY IN SOUTH DAKOTA







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SKWEEK
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CLIP

CURRENCY EVENTS DEPT.

These days, our country is going through a very rough period. And no one seems to understand how . . . or why. But there are many Economists who offer solutions. Since you'll never read your Economics textbooks, we thought we'd give you a "cram course" in Economics. We call it a "cram course," because after you read it, you'll know one thing . . . just where to cram those Economists' solutions!

THE MAD ECONOMICS PRIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY AL JAFFEE

WRITTEN BY STAN HART

See the funky people wearing funky clothes.
See the old movies they're going to.
America is on a "Nostalgia" kick.
Everyone wants to turn back the clock
To the "Good Old Days."
In the area of ECONOMICS,
The clock has already been turned back
To the 1930's.
And if you believe
Those old days were good—
You also believe that whales can tap dance!

But our Economic Situation today
Isn't exactly like it was back then.
Back then we had unemployment
And the price of everything was down.
Today, we have unemployment
And the price of everything is up.
Hey! Maybe those *were* the "Good Old Days"!
(Do a Soft Shoe, Moby Dick!)

We have always been told
That America is the Land of Plenty.
And it's true.
Today, there's plenty of unemployment
And plenty of businesses going broke
And plenty of frightened people.
What America needs now is
Strong leadership in Washington
With plenty of good ideas.
Oops! America just ran out of plenty.

See the confused man.
He is wondering how it all happened.
Last year, everything was "Whoopie!"
Now things are all "Icch, ptooey!"
Why?
Well, remember Vietnam?
We spent 250 billion dollars there
Just to keep our friend, President Thieu in office,
And thereby make sure that
Corruption would not vanish from Southeast Asia.
Icch, Thieu—y!!

Then we made a deal with our friends,
The Russians,
We sold them wheat at bargain prices,
In the middle of a wheat shortage,
And domestic food prices took off
Like a Sputnik.
Isn't that a funny way to fight Communism?

Then our pals in Saudi Arabia, Iran and Venezuela
Quadrupled the price of oil
And millions of Americans
Were thrown out of work.
Isn't it nice that our Government
Works so hard to keep such good friends abroad
While losing them at home?

See the lady shopping for food.
See how she holds on to her shopping cart.
Why does she hold on to it so tight?
Is she afraid someone might steal it?
No, she needs it for support.
Because when she sees the prices
She might faint!
See her run to the "Express Checkout."
Why is she going there?
So she can get out of the store fast
Before the prices change again.

A few years ago, you could feed
A family of four for $25 a week.
You still can!
If you're a family of Munchkins.
With the price of food so high,
You have to be affluent
To even afford malnutrition.

See the farmer deep in thought.
Is he trying to figure out
What to plant where?
No, he is trying to figure out
What NOT to plant where!
Because if he plants too much,
He will lose money.
There will be an oversupply of food,
And prices will go down.
To prevent this, the Government
Gives him a subsidy.
A subsidy is money for not planting crops.
It's like getting an "A" in History
For not showing up in class.

Who pays these Government subsidies?
Guess!
That's right! You do!
Your taxes go to the farmer as subsidies
So he will plant less crops
So you will pay more for food!
You're a two-time loser!

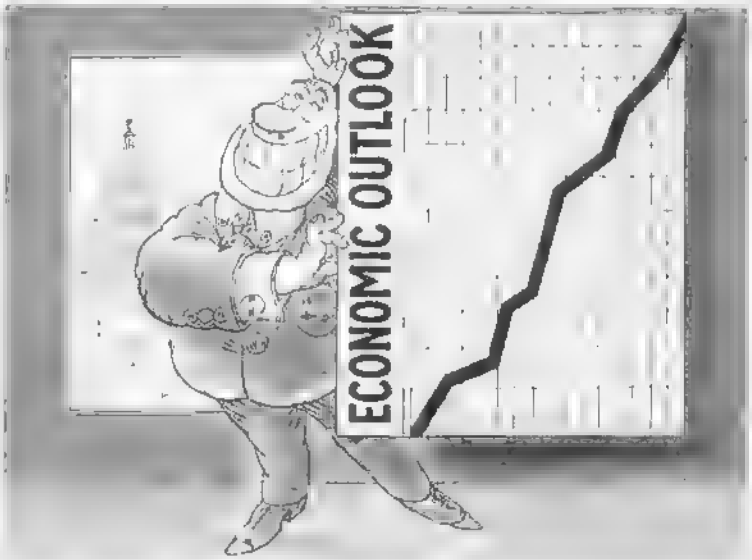
Does this system sound strange to you?
How do you think it sounds
To the starving Asians or Africans?
They know that America could feed
All the hungry people of the world.
If the price was right!

See the old people shopping.
They are the hardest hit
Because they live on fixed incomes.
See them spend their meager funds
Buying dog food.
Isn't that sweet?
Not when you realize
That more than half of them
Don't even own dogs.

Economics experts say
That we will have 9% unemployment.
They call it "an acceptable level."
It's not very acceptable
If you're one of the 9%.

Experts now predict that the economy
Will turn later this year.
And now the workers are concerned.
They're afraid that the Experts may be right,
And the economy will turn from bad to worse.

To keep their jobs, many workers
Work fewer hours, or take pay cuts.
In the same spirit, some executives
Have also taken pay cuts.
The head of General Motors cut his pay in half.
From $700,000 to $350,000 a year.
Which proves that, in a Democracy,
Hard times affect everyone alike.

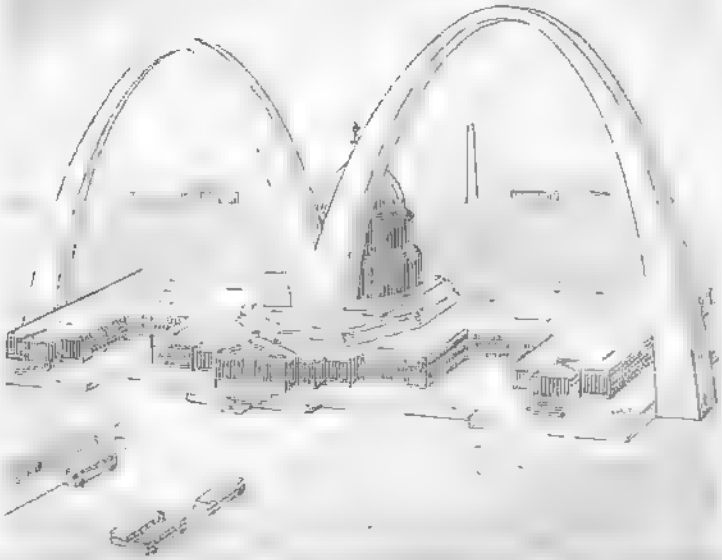


See the President.
He is working to solve our economic problems
Can he do it?
People have their doubts.
They're afraid that this Ford
May turn out to be another Edsel.
When he came into office,
He vowed to fight inflation
With a bold new idea.
What was the idea?
Print millions of buttons.
Remember the "W.I.N." buttons?
They were very popular
With eight year old kids.
Almost as popular
As "Chicken Inspector" buttons.

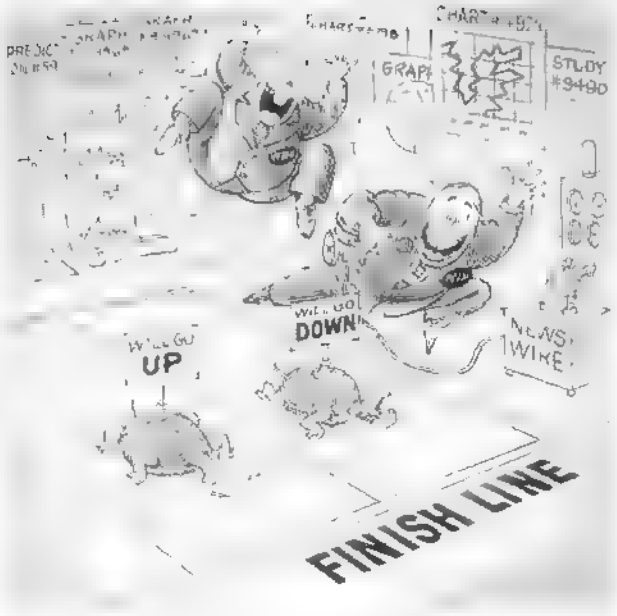
First, the President wanted to increase taxes.
Next, he wanted to decrease taxes.
First, he said we should save our money.
Next, he said we should spend our money.
But don't feel embarrassed about our President.
After all, you didn't vote for him.
Come to think of it, NOBODY did!

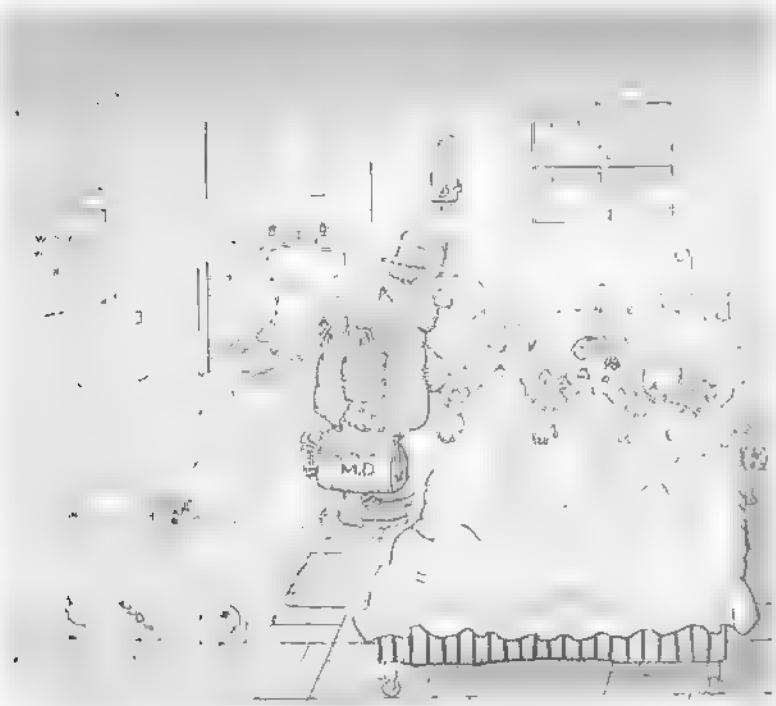
Maybe he's not as foolish as we think.
He made Nelson Rockefeller the Vice President.
Maybe that was a shrewd move.
Maybe the President hopes
That Rockefeller will buy the country
And give us all an allowance.

But if Rockefeller DID buy the country,
Would he keep Mr. Ford?
Or would he want someone
With greater insight, greater ability,
And greater stature?
Someone like Ronald McDonald!



See the men with all the charts and graphs.
They are Economists.
They can predict what is going to happen to the economy.
They are very consistent.
They are never right.
Economics is a science.
However, it is not as exact a science
As Astrology, Numerology or Tea Leaf Reading.
Economists have their own language
That prevents them from being understood.
For instance, Economists will tell us they have good news.
They will say, "The rate of unemployment is down."
Does that mean that fewer people are out of work?
No, it means that *more* people are out of work,
Only *less* more than last month.
Understand?
Good! You're not supposed to!
It's like a Doctor telling you he has bad news and good news.
The bad news is: You only have a month to live.
The good news is: The days are getting longer.





How can you beat the high cost of living?
Experts tell you to put
Six months' income in a savings bank.
How are you supposed to do that?
Maybe by robbing another savings bank!

Maybe you can grow your own vegetables,
Even if you live in an apartment.
You could save about $25 a month.
Would that help? Not necessarily!
Your landlord would probably
Raise your rent $50 a month,
Because now you have a Garden Apartment.
Net loss: $25.

You could save money
By lowering the temperature
To 65° in the winter.
That saves you about $10 a month.
Or does it?
At 65°, your whole family
Will come down with all kinds of sicknesses.
And you'll have a $50 doctor bill.
Net loss: $40.

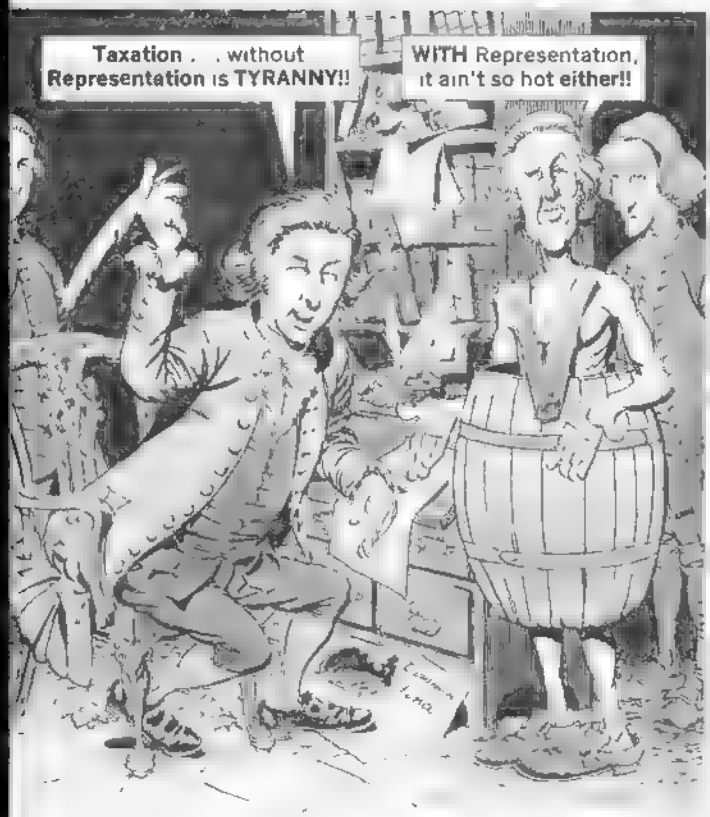
What to do?
Forget the whole thing and have a good time?
Go to a movie and get away from it all?
Not so fast! Movies cost $3.50!
And that's $14 for a family of four!
With that money, you could feed a family of four
For 15 minutes.
Of course, you could go to a Drive-In Movie.
That's cheaper. Unless you drive!
With the price of gasoline
It comes to about the same thing.
Oh, well, hang in there, America.
Like . . . you have a choice?!?

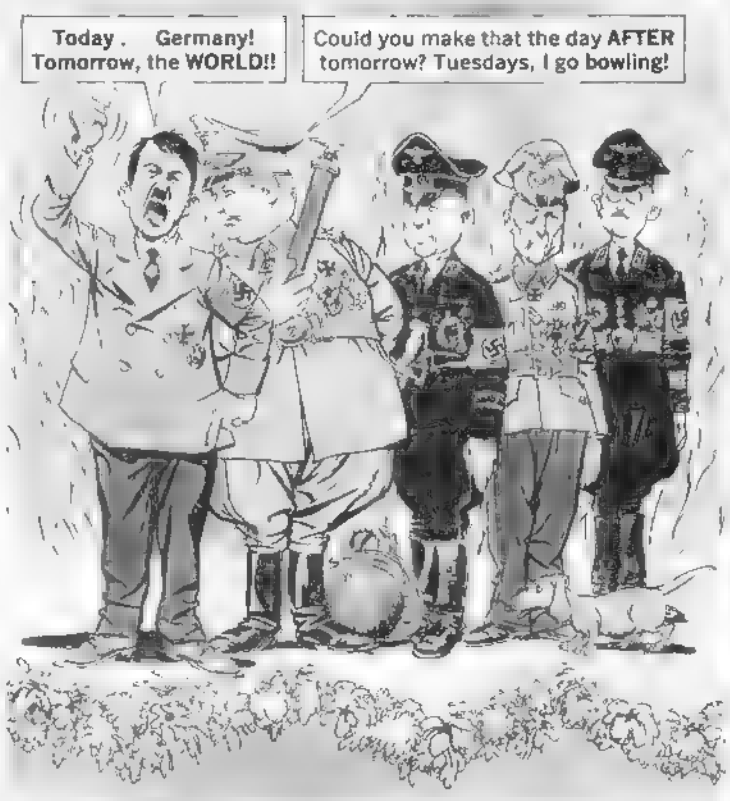
ROCKING THE QUOTE DEPT.

History has recorded the famous words uttered by famous men . . . words that we all know well. But did it ever occur to you that maybe the other people present didn't just stand around applauding

ZAPPERS THAT H

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

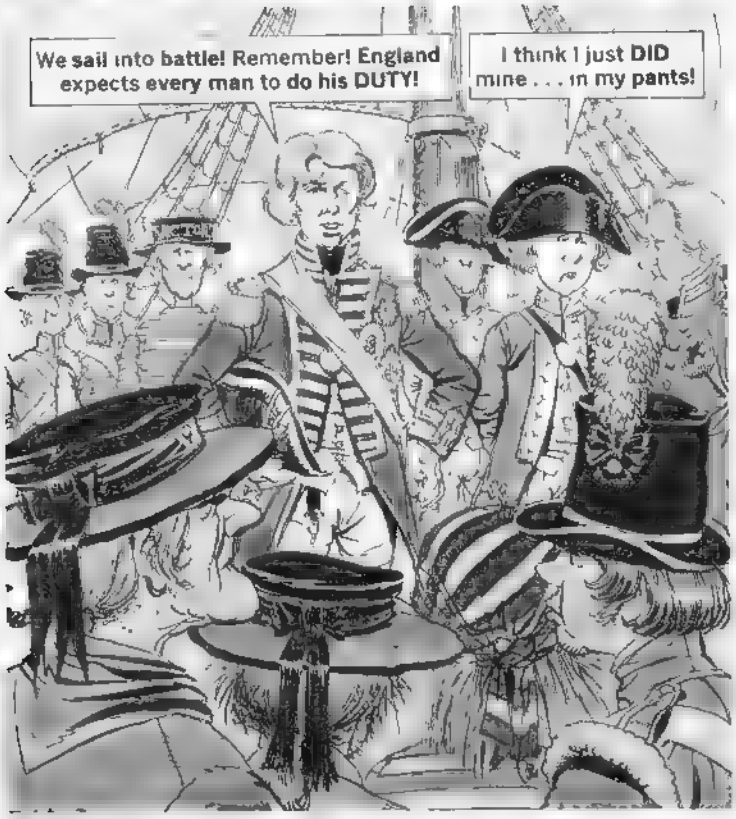


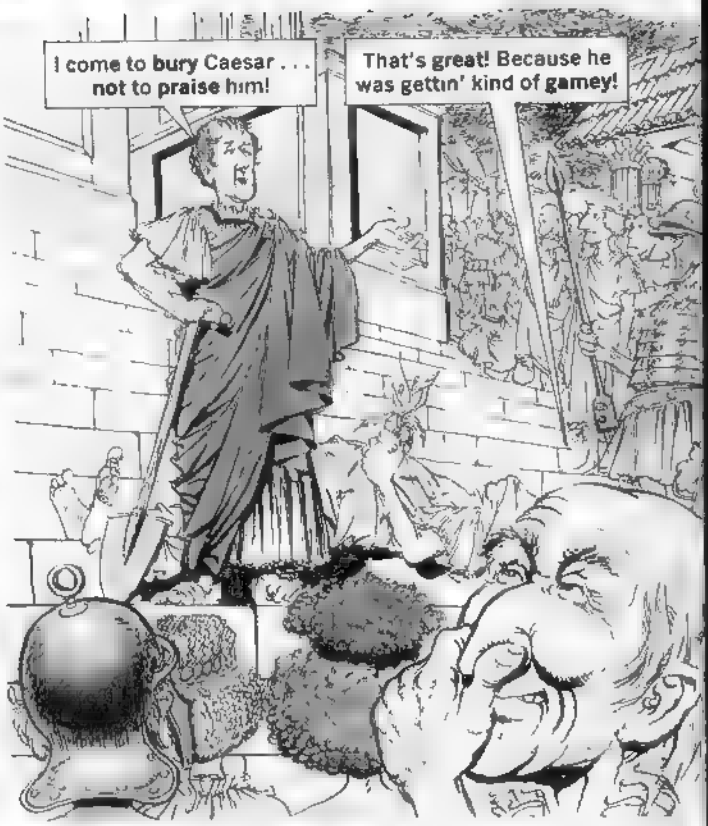


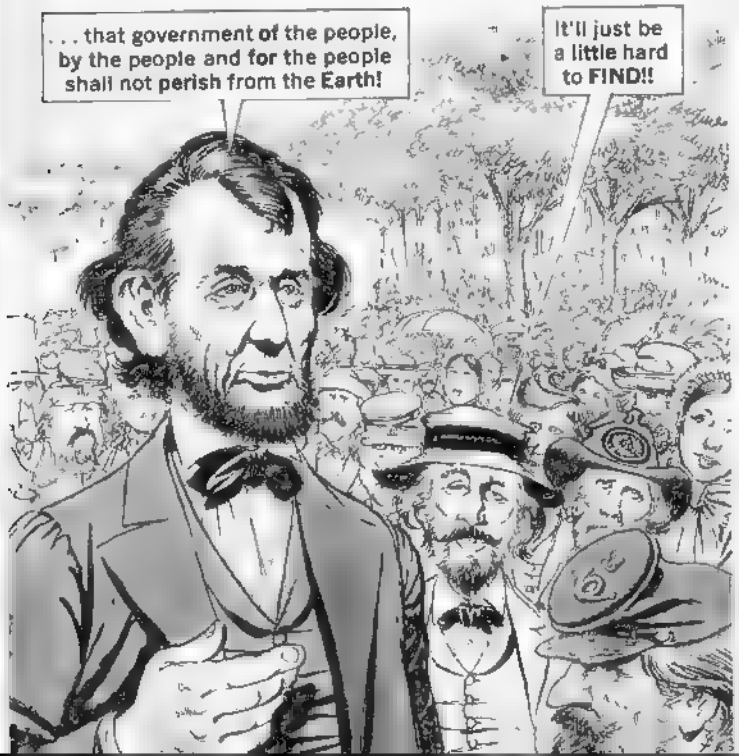
when those words were said . . . that maybe somebody else had an answer or a topper or some equally important words to say in rebuttal . . . only we're not familiar with those words because they're the

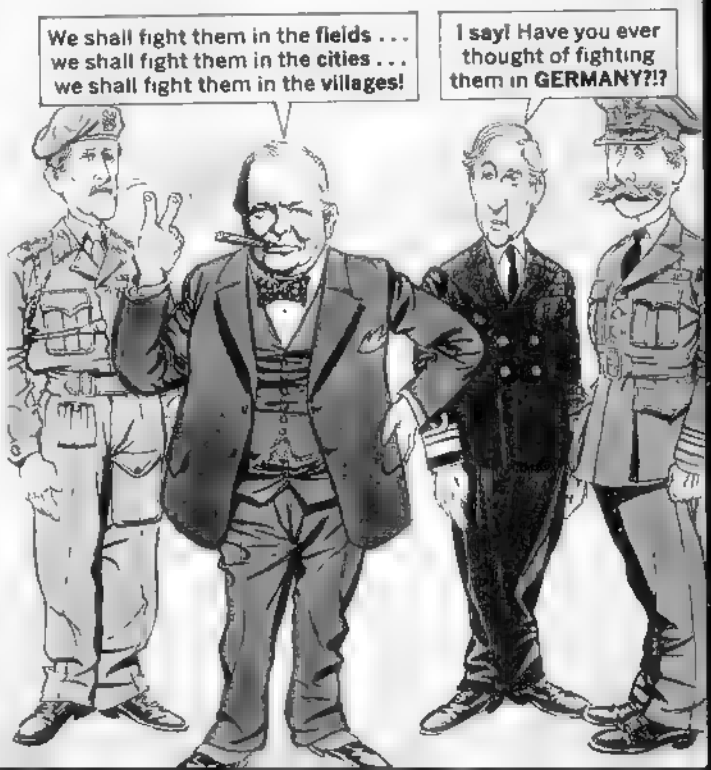
ISTORY FORGOT

WRITER: ALEN ROBIN

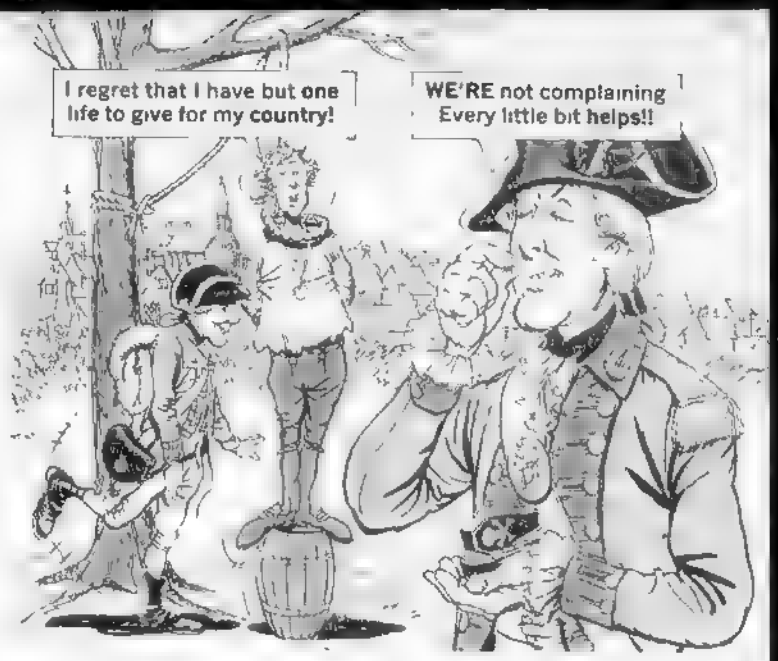


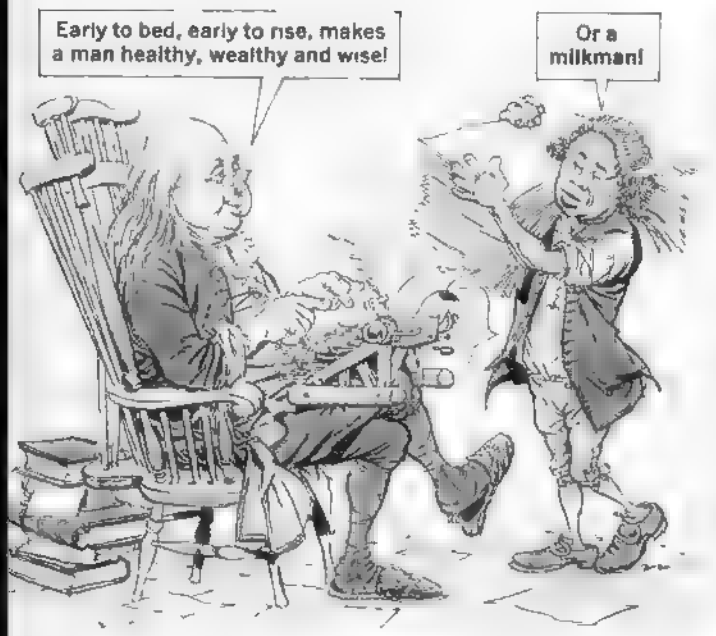


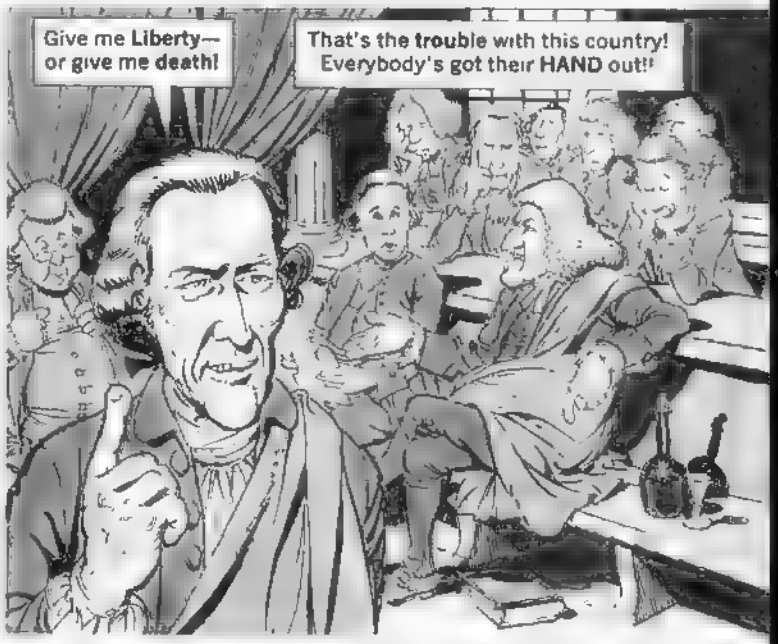




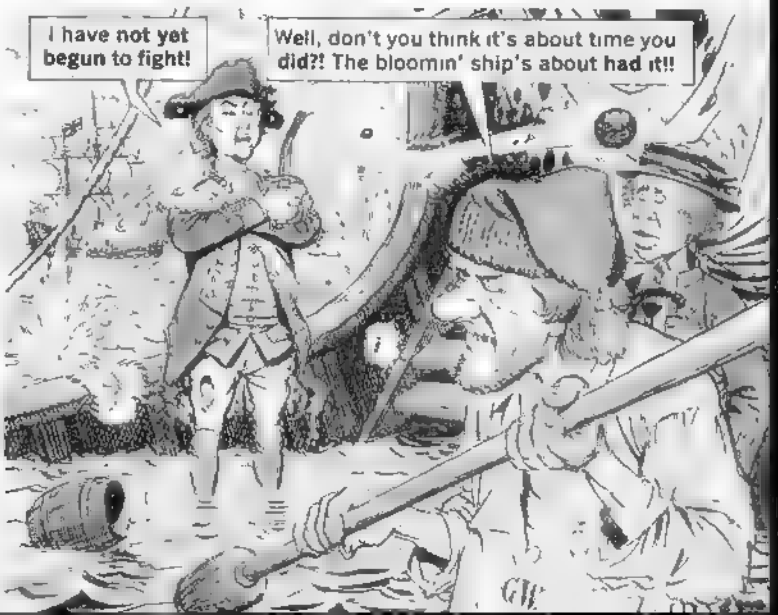
I shall return!
So will a bum check!

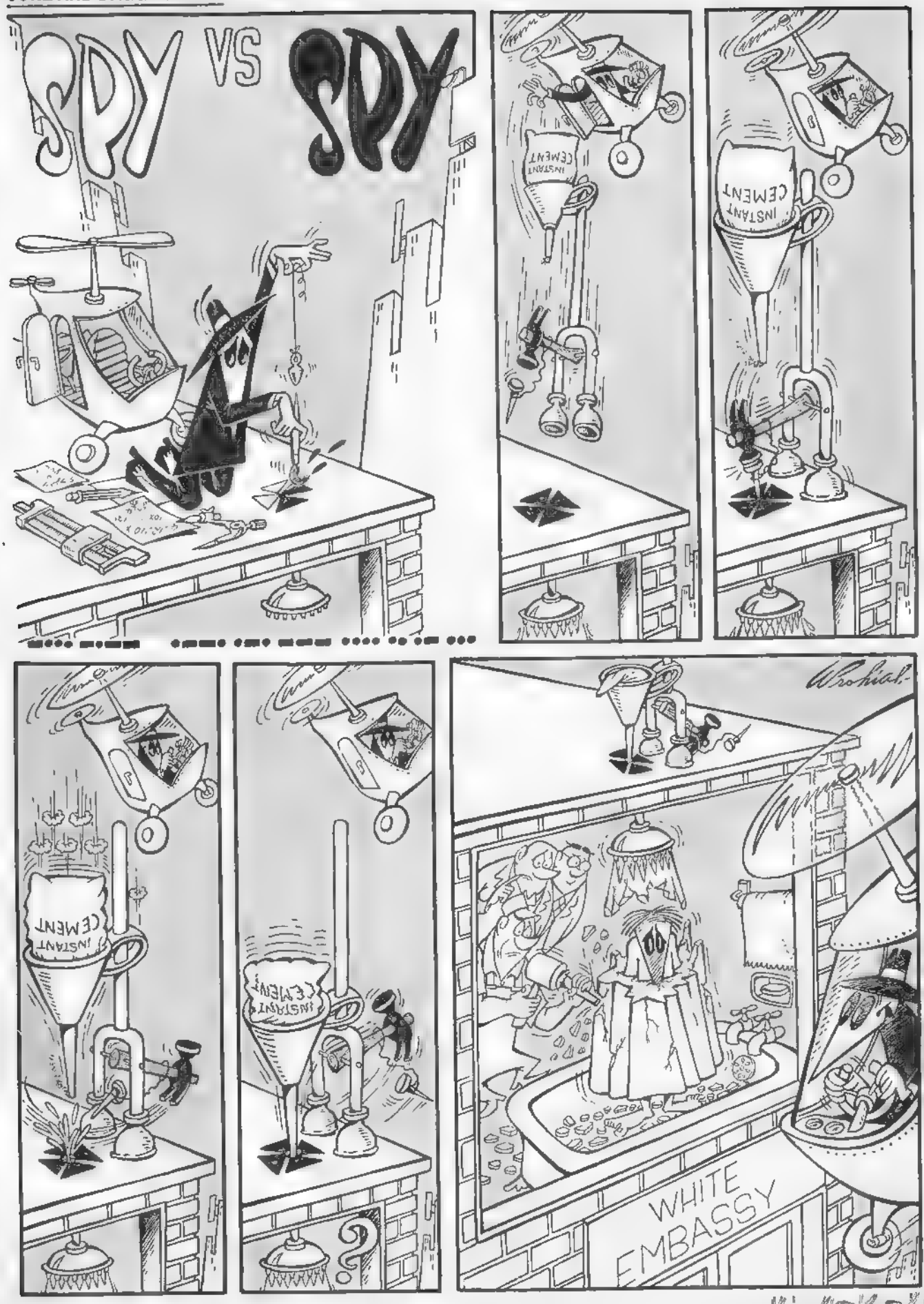

I regret that I have but one life to give for my country!
WE'RE not complaining Every little bit helps!!


Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise!
Or a milkman!


Give me Liberty— or give me death!
That's the trouble with this country! Everybody's got their HAND out!!

Ask not what your country can do for you! Ask what you can do for your country!
I'd like to start SMALL! What can I do for East Nyack?


I have not yet begun to fight!
Well, don't you think it's about time you did?! The bloomin' ship's about had it!!


SPY VS SPY
INSTANT CEMENT
INSTANT CEMENT
INSTANT CEMENT
INSTANT CEMENT
WHITE EMBASSY

THE GAME OF THE NAME DEPT.

A COLLECTION OF DISTINCTIVE... BUSINESS AND

City Police Department
Office of the Commissioner

The Honorable Brice Tugwell
Head Pig

ΩΩΩ

Omega Omega Omega Fraternity
Upsilon Chapter
University of Michigan

Ronald Fortesque
Resident Streaker

Gentlemen's Lavatory
Grand Ritz Hotel

James Conway
Flusher

Madame Simone's House Of Pleasure

Massages—Intimate Physical Therapy

Wilma Latour
Home Delivery

THE MAFIA

New York Chicago Detroit Las Vegas

Ernest "Necktie" Fazio
Veiled Threats
and Shakedowns

Pillar Facing Fifty-Dollar Window
Clubhouse Section
Santa Anita Race Track

Roscoe Fleen
Hot Tips

No Appointment Necessary

Espionage Division
United States Counter-Intelligence Agency

Snowflower

Lazy Oaks Retirement Village
Winsome Springs, Florida

Claudia Wickwire
Villa 17-B
Swinging Widow

SOCIAL CARDS ...FOR THE MAD WORLD OF TODAY

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Miss Angela St. James
Groupie

Epstein and Garfinkle
Wholesale Clothing and Sportswear

Drew Simpson
Token Wasp

The New York Telephone Company
Service Division

T.R. Mannings, Supervisor
991-0099
If Out of Service, call
863-0989
If No Answer, call
767-0079

THE AKRON OWLS
Professional Hockey Club

Pierre Le Brecque
Penalty Killer and Maimer

Investigations Division
The Department of Justice
United States of America

Edwin R. Scanlon
Plea-Copping

LOCAL 544
International Brotherhood
of Teamsters

EDWARD T. MUNCRIEF

"Death to Capitalistic Swine!"
The Blood Brothers Liberation Army

Wilfred Huggins
Community Relations

The American Society of Reincarnation

Walter Hotchkiss
Thomas Edison
Millard Fillmore
Johann Sebastian Bach
Henry VIII
Marco Polo
Cain

SPIN-OFFSPRING DEPT.

The "Al

WRITERS: STAN HART & E. NELSON BRIDWELL

ALL IN THE FAMILY

The story of Archie Bunker . . . an obnoxious bigot . . . with a deranged wife, a goofy daughter and a lumpish son-in-law . . . whose sole mission in life is to spin off other TV shows and thereby create and nurture . . .

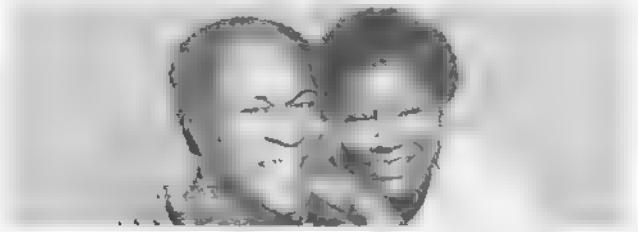
MAUDE

The story of Edith's cousin, who was divorced three times, whose daughter's already gone that route once, whose voice is louder and lower than a Longshoreman's, and who does real funny things like having abortions.

MIKE AND GLORIA

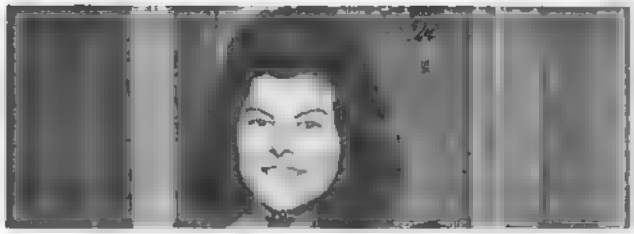
Archie and Edith's kids move to their own show after Mike graduates into the army of the unemployed, Gloria loses her job, and they go on Welfare where they spend all their time demonstrating for funny liberal causes.

GOOD TIMES



Florida, Maude's former maid, who didn't do windows, but did do enough scene-stealing shticks to get her own show (and family), has fun trying to subsist in Chicago during times that are anything but "good".

CAROL



Maude's daughter takes her invisible child and moves into her own show where she tries to answer the age-old question, "Can a divorced Mother find happiness with nothing more to offer a man than a size 38 bust?"

J. J.

Florida's boy strikes out on his own, (and does, with bases loaded, yet) as an artist who moonlights as a scarecrow and who regularly gets into trouble because he smiles too broadly and keeps swallowing his ears.

COCKNEY KOOK

Mrs. Naugatuck, Maude's maid, gets her own show which offers TV viewers something startlingly new . . . a real live WASP (White Anglo-Saxon Protestant) in the only situation comedy ever done with English sub-titles.

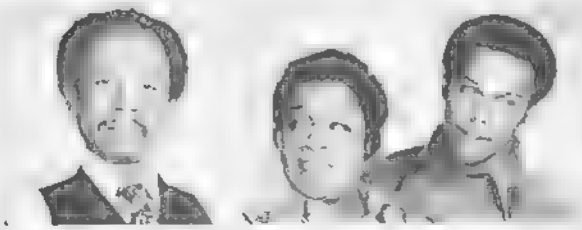
I In The Family" Tree

—OR— "THE HISTORY OF A SPIN-OFF BONANZA—PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE"

Present Spin-Offs

Spin-Offs To Come

THE JEFFERSONS

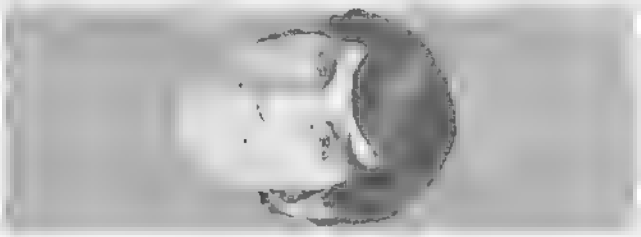


Archie's former neighbor, a success who moves away so he can escape the bigoted White establishment and set up a bigoted Black establishment, discovers his son is so bland that he may not even get his own spin-off.

ARTHUR

Arthur realizes that, by hanging around Maude, he'll never be anything more than a dull successful surgeon, so he takes off in his own show and proves that questions of life and death need not be all that serious.

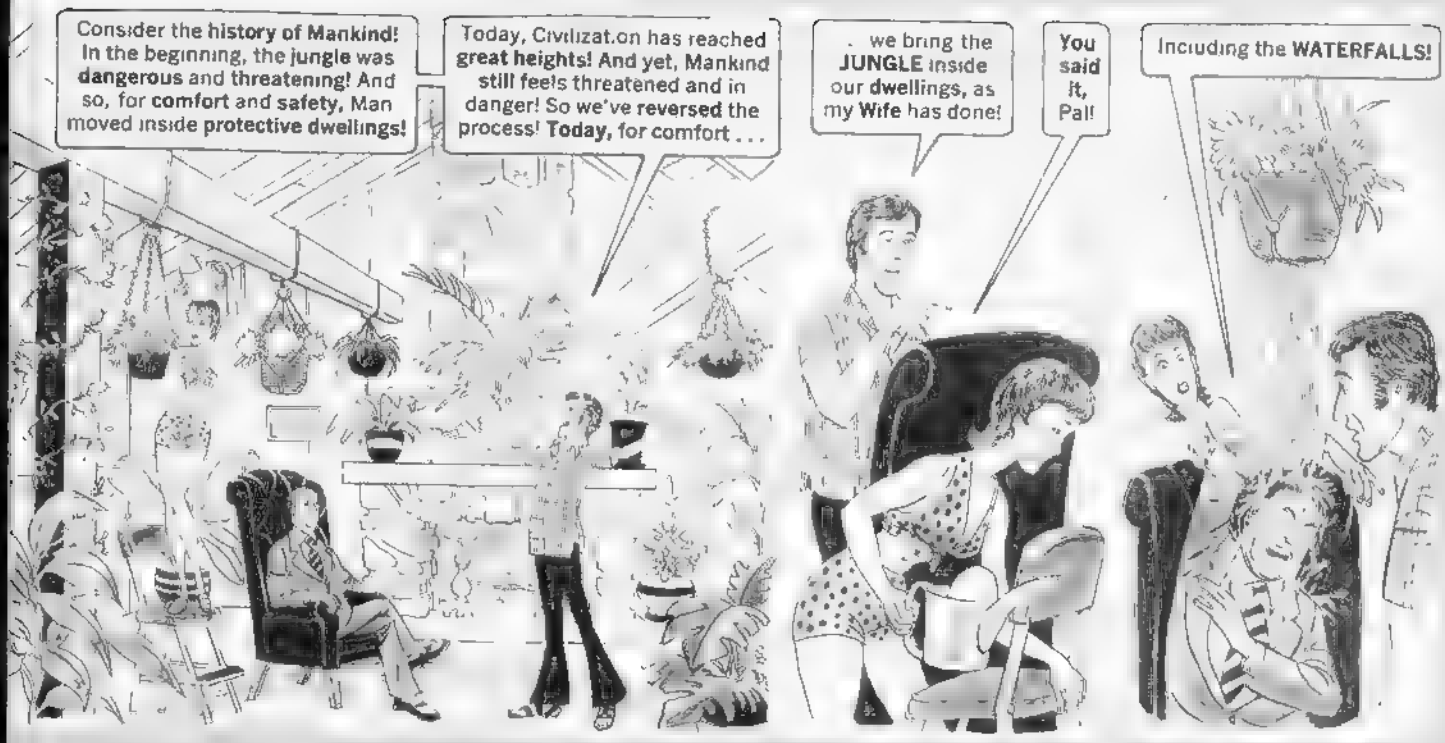
STEP ON HARRY



Bentley, the Jeffersons' confused Englishman, who can only get rid of a backache by having someone walk all over him (which may explain why they lost the Empire) gets even more confused when no one watches his show.

THE WILLISES

The Jeffersons' neighbors, that racially mixed couple, move to Queens next door to an obnoxious bigot, his deranged wife, his goofy daughter and lumpish son-in-law who immediately start pushing for their own show.



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... INDOOR GARDEN

AND OUTDOOR DENING

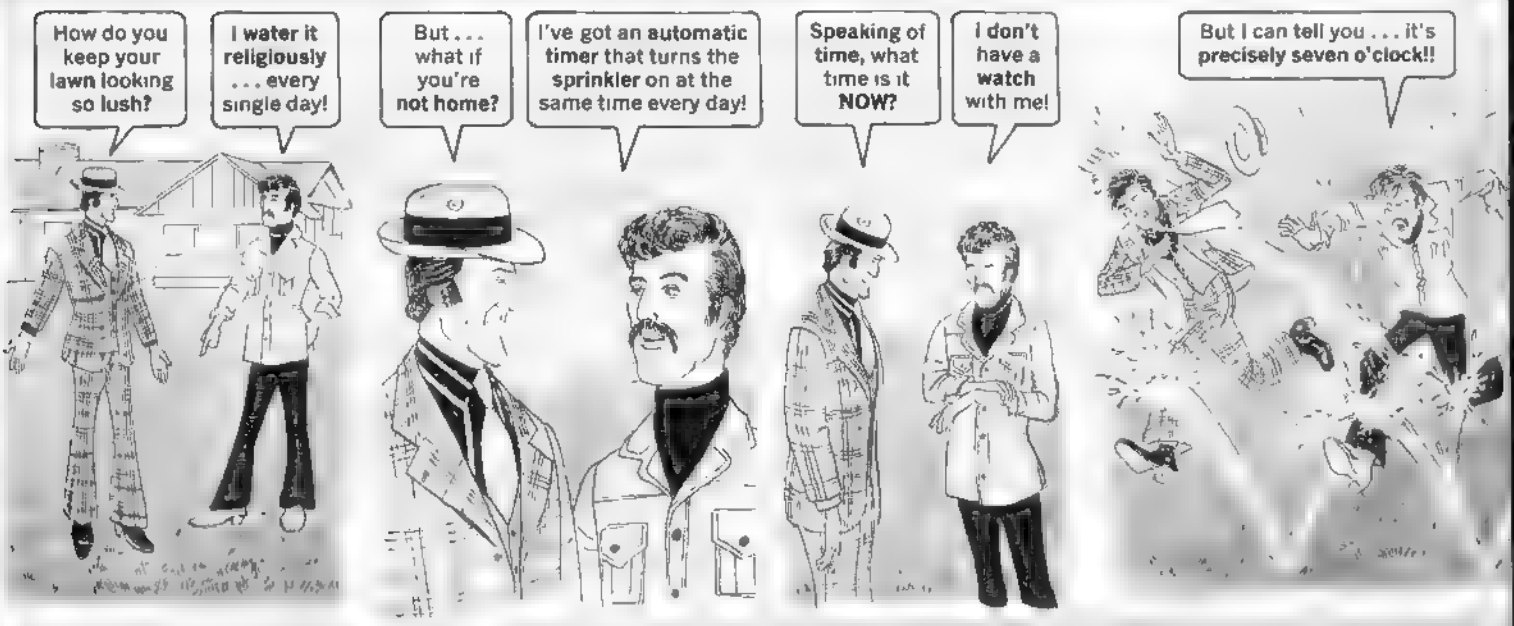
ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

Hey, you gotta see Noah Seaman's garden! It's only as big as a postage stamp, but he works it like it's a big-time farm operation!
Hey, Noah! How's your tomato crop coming along?
Not growing tomatoes! This year, it's carrots!
What's the matter? Did you get tired of eating all those tomatoes?
You know how it is with us farmers!
I'm ROTATING MY CROPS!

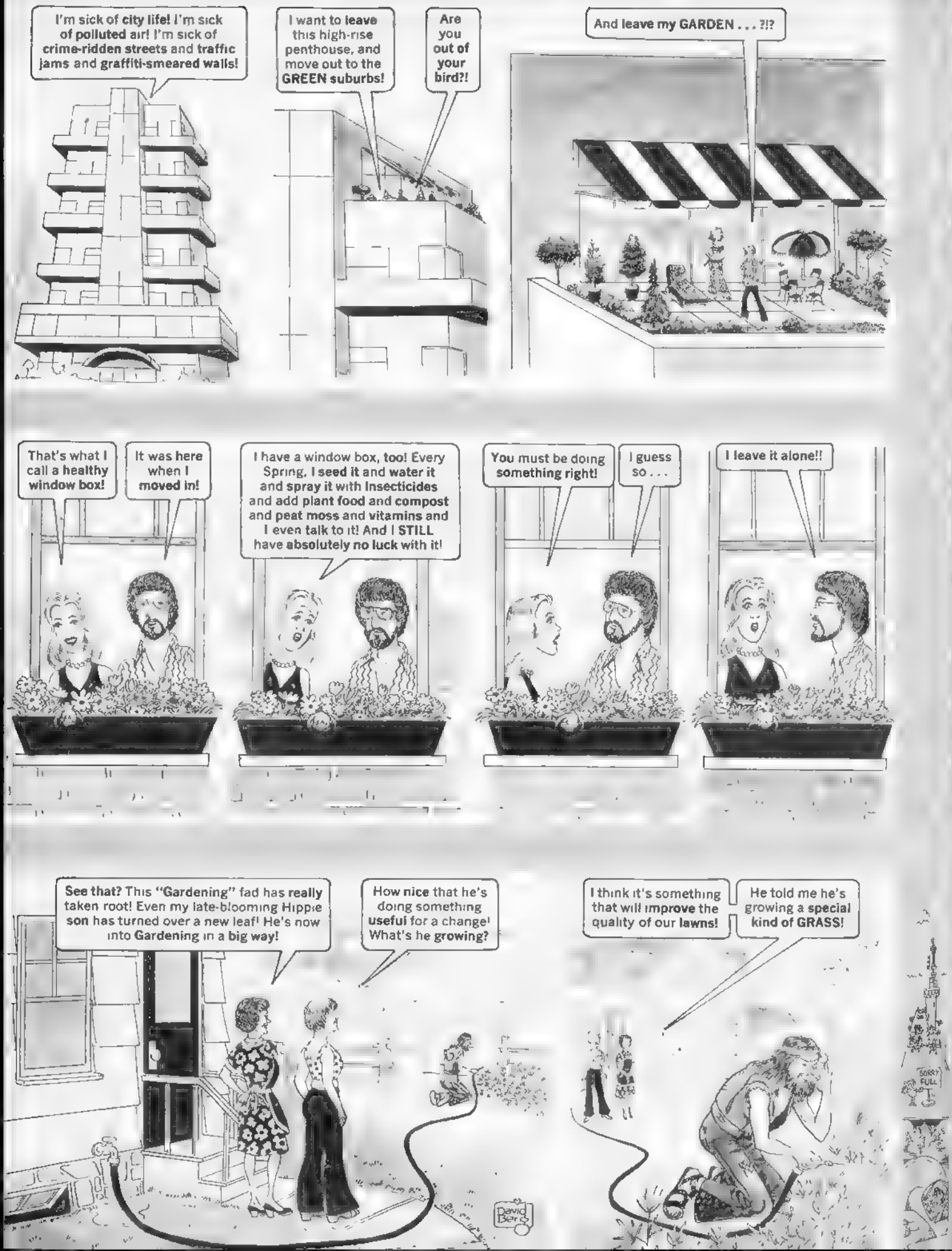
Hi, there, neighbor! Can we offer you some nice ripe apples . . . ?
No, thank you!
We have OUR OWN!!

My Florist is like a—a Doctor! I go to him with all my plant problems!
Like a Doctor, my Florist tells me what vitamins and minerals to feed my plants!
Like a Doctor, my Florist diagnoses what diseases my plants have, and then tells me how to cure them!
And like a Doctor, your Florist OVERCHARGES!!

I see you have quite a collection of plants! There are so many varieties of plants, and all of them have names . . . like *Guzmania Lingulata* and *Tillandsia Ionantha*! Do you know the names of YOUR plants . . . ?
I sure do . . . most intimately!
This one is "Irving," and this one is "Gloria," and this one is "Sidney," and this one is "Carol," and—


How do you keep your lawn looking so lush?
I water it religiously . . . every single day!
But . . . what if you're not home?
I've got an automatic timer that turns the sprinkler on at the same time every day!
Speaking of time, what time is it NOW?
I don't have a watch with me!
But I can tell you . . . it's precisely seven o'clock!!

How are my sweet little babies today? Mommy has brought you some nice cool water to drink, and a soothing insect spray to wash you, and some delicious plant food to eat so you can grow up strong and healthy . . .
Sniff . . . Sniff . . .
When you wear that perfume, Baby, you really turn me on!
PLEASE, John . .
NOT IN FRONT OF THE CHILDREN!!


I'm sick of city life! I'm sick of polluted air! I'm sick of crime-ridden streets and traffic jams and graffiti-smeared walls!
I want to leave this high-rise penthouse, and move out to the GREEN suburbs!
Are you out of your bird?!
And leave my GARDEN . . . ?!?
That's what I call a healthy window box!
It was here when I moved in!
I have a window box, too! Every Spring, I seed it and water it and spray it with insecticides and add plant food and compost and peat moss and vitamins and I even talk to it! And I STILL have absolutely no luck with it!
You must be doing something right!
I guess so . . .
I leave it alone!!
See that? This "Gardening" fad has really taken root! Even my late-blooming Hippie son has turned over a new leaf! He's now into Gardening in a big way!
How nice that he's doing something useful for a change! What's he growing?
I think it's something that will improve the quality of our lawns!
He told me he's growing a special kind of GRASS!
David Berg
SORRY FULL

A TV AD WE'D LIKE TO SEE

THE GERITOL COMMERCIAL

I **love** my **Wife!** She's a **good Mother!** She helps the kids with their **homework** . . . she cleans the **house** . . .

. . . she does the **cooking** . . . and the **dishes** . . . and the **wash** . . . and the **shopping** . . . and she **never complains!**

I always say, "Why not **take care** of yourself?" So I get **plenty of rest,** I eat **balanced meals,** and I take **Geritol!**

Yep, I **love** my **Wife!** Too bad she don't **look** as **good** as my **girlfriend** here! **Then,** maybe I'd **go home** more often!

PHOTOGRAPHER: IRVING SCHILD WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

PEEK OF SUCCESS DEPT.

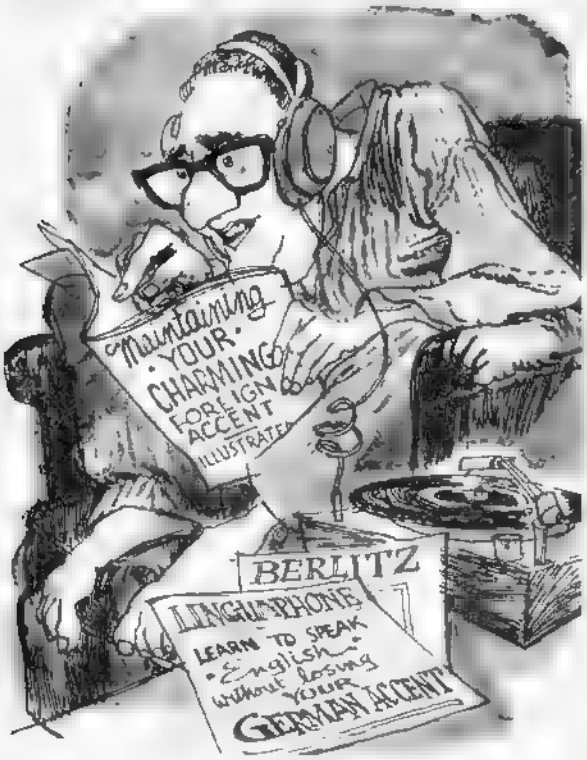
A MAD LOOK AT SOME WELL-KEPT

ARTIST: SANDY KOSSIN

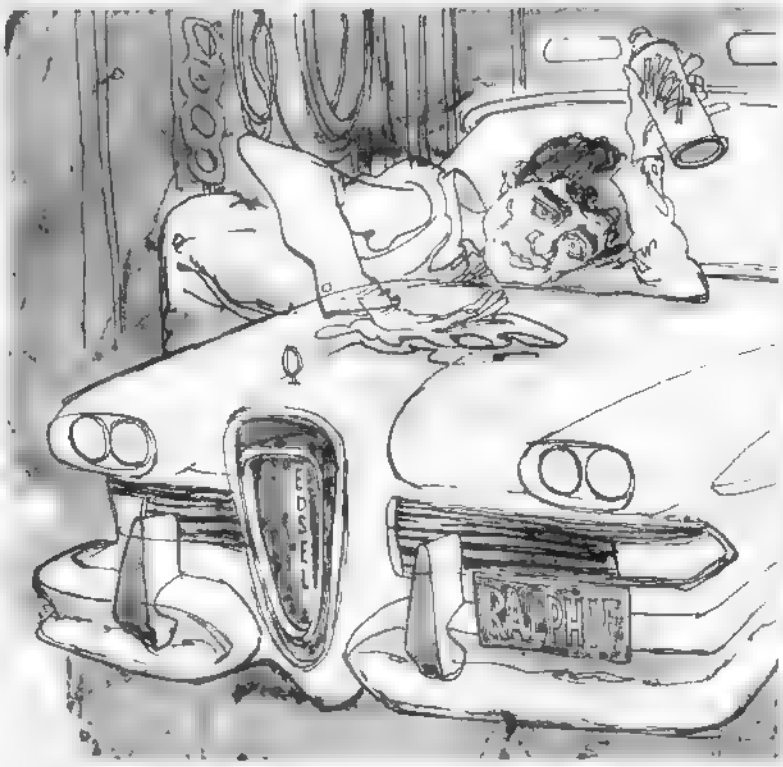
EUELL GIBBONS

JOHN PAUL GETTY

HENRY KISSINGER



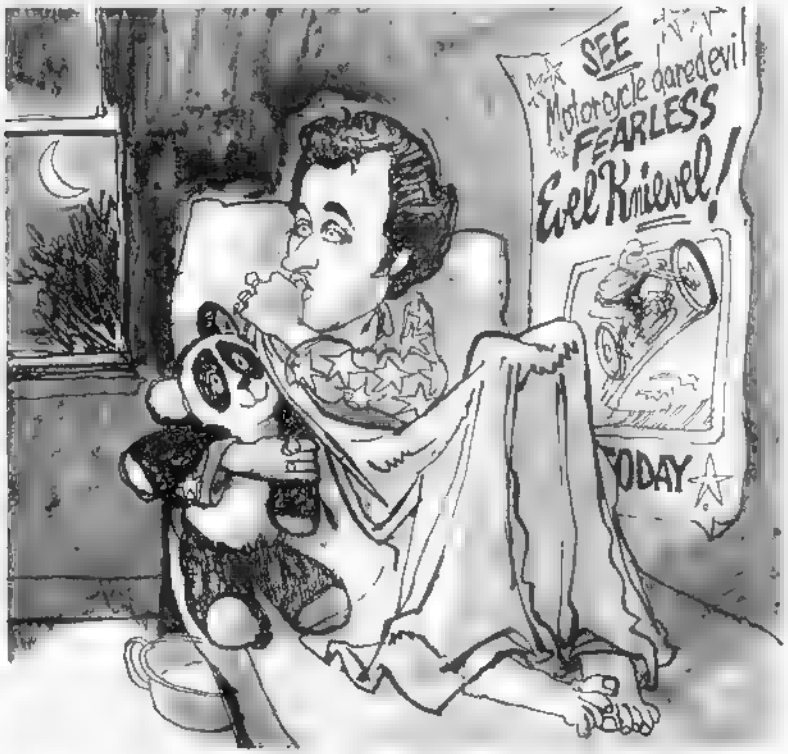
RALPH NADER



CELEBRITIES' SECRETS

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

EVEL KNIEVEL



GLORIA STEINEM

FIDEL CASTRO

COL. SANDERS

MAD'S MOTH

FROM BAD TIMES TO VERSE DEPT.

Jack Sprat and his Wife aren't splitting the meat these days. They can't afford any. Little Miss Muffet has hocked her tuffet and hasn't had curds and whey in a month. Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard is twice as bare as it used to be, and Peter Peter's so broke he can't pay for a pumpkin. Like the rest of us, the Nursery Rhyme Folks have fallen on bad times, which is our way of introducing . . .

Mary Had A Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

But Mary found the cost of meat
Had soared, which didn't please her;
Tonight she's having leg of lamb—
The rest is in the freezer.

Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star

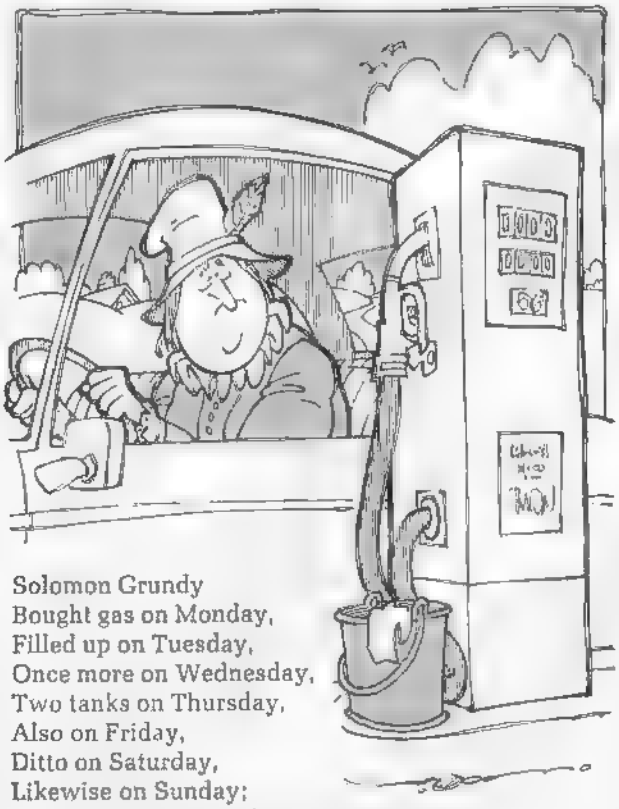
Twinkle, twinkle little star,
Way up in the sky so far;
How I'd love to spend my days
Basking in your brilliant rays;
I wish and pray that you were near,
Inside our house, just shining here;
Because we won't have light until
We pay off our electric bill.

There Was An Old Woman

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
Who said, "With my income, it's all I can do;
"It may be substandard, but just down the block,
"I know an old woman who lives in a sock."

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Solomon Grundy



Solomon Grundy
Bought gas on Monday,
Filled up on Tuesday,
Once more on Wednesday,
Two tanks on Thursday,
Also on Friday,
Ditto on Saturday,
Likewise on Sunday;
Anybody want to trade a Datsun even-up
For the powder-blue, all-optionals-included,
Comfort-Control, 1975 Cadillac of Solomon Grundy?

RECESSION ER GOOSE

Simple Simon

Simple Simon met a pieman,
Asked him, "What's the price?"
"A dollar fifty," said the pieman,
"For a skinny slice."

"Inflationary!" Simon screamed,
"My business you are losing!"
The pieman shrugged, "I'd charge much more
"If sugar I were using."

Jenny, Sweet Jenny

Jenny, sweet Jenny,
Holds on to each penny;
She hoards them and no one can stop her;
They'll never be spent
'Cause she's found ev'ry cent
Now contains twice its value in copper.

Little Jack Horner

Little Jack Horner
Now stands on a corner
And begs for a small contribution;
They had to close down
The big steelworks downtown,
But at least there's a lot less pollution.

Wee Willie Winkie

Wee Willie Winkie
Runs where he goes—
Skipping past the grocer's,
Dodging those he owes.

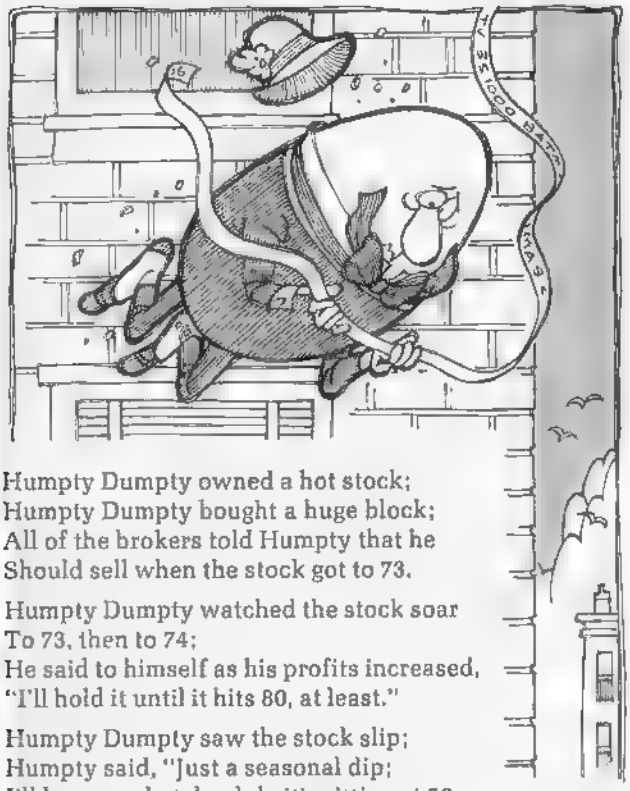
True, he's a deadbeat;
Still, what the hell—
Compared to all his neighbors,
Willie's doing well.

What Are Little Dimes Made Of?

What are little dimes made of?
What are little dimes made of?
Lead and zinc
And scrap-iron, I think,
That's what little dimes are made of.

What are dollar bills made of?
What are dollar bills made of?
Not much, I fear
And it gets worse each year.
That's what dollar bills are made of.

Humpty Dumpty



Humpty Dumpty owned a hot stock;
Humpty Dumpty bought a huge block;
All of the brokers told Humpty that he
Should sell when the stock got to 73.

Humpty Dumpty watched the stock soar
To 73, then to 74;
He said to himself as his profits increased,
"I'll hold it until it hits 80, at least."

Humpty Dumpty saw the stock slip;
Humpty said, "Just a seasonal dip;
I'll buy up a batch while it's sitting at 50,
"And make even more, which will really be nifty."

Humpty Dumpty saw the stock dive
From 50 to 30 to 14 to 5;
He said, "Yes, I've heard there is talk of a crash,
"But I'm buying up more with what's left of my cash."

Humpty Dumpty let out a shout;
Humpty Dumpty said, "I'm wiped out!"
He jumped from a window and said with a cry,
"The market's hit bottom –and soon so will I."

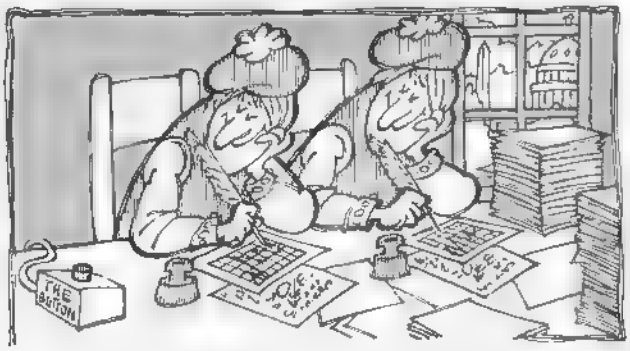
Jerry, Jerry, Big and Hairy

Jerry, Jerry, big and hairy,
How does your loansharking grow?
"With luckless slobs
"Who've lost their jobs
"And have to see me to get dough."

Jerry, Jerry, big and hairy,
What do you charge for your service?
"My cash is lent
"At thirty per-cent;
"They pay up, or else I get nervous."

Jerry, Jerry, big and hairy,
What if some poor slob is late?
"I bust his nose
"And stomp on his toes
"Then double the in-ter-est rate!"

Tweedledum and Tweedledee



Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Were called to Washington
To solve the economic mess
And see what could be done.

They talked of things like price controls,
Of more aid to the states,
Of tax deductions, welfare boosts
And higher tariff rates.

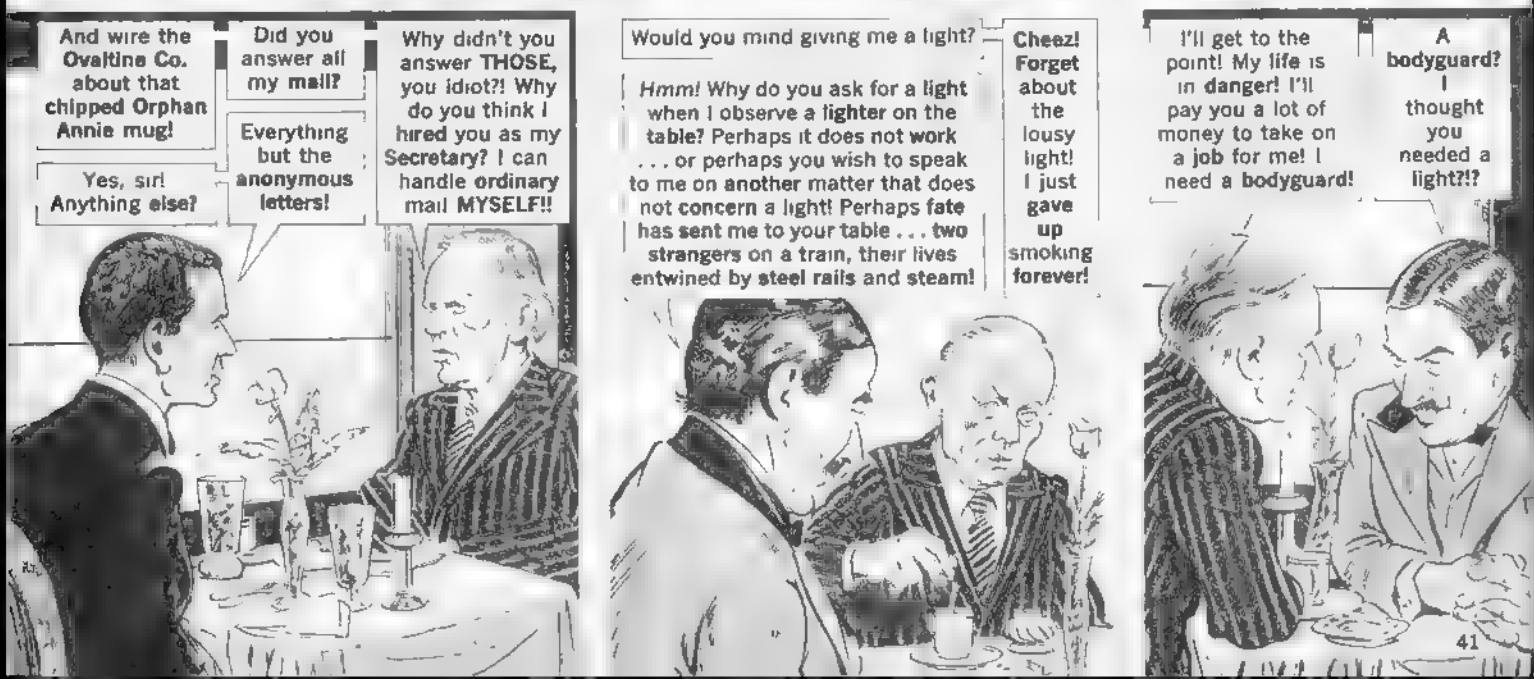
The more they talked, the more they fought
As only experts can;
Until, one day, they both agreed
They had the perfect plan.

"There's just one way," they told the press;
"It's always worked before;
"To solve the economic mess,
"We need a nice long war."

There's a new hit mystery movie making the rounds these days! The big mystery about this movie is why so many prominent stars agreed to participate in this idiotic...

MUDDLE ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITE: LOU SILVERSTONE



I'm a rich man, and I've got enemies!

A man who makes enemies should make many enemies, because a man is known by the enemies he makes, and since a man is his own worst enemy, if he makes only one enemy, he is his own!

Yeah! I see what you mean!

You DO?!? I wish you'd explain it to ME!

Look at this, Pirouette! I sleep with this under my head every night!

That is bad! If you want to be more comfortable, you should try a pillow! Tell me, what business are you engaged in, M. Ratspit?

I'm retired! I used to be in the Baby Food business!

You made food out of babies?!? No wonder you have enemies!! Even I am offended!! So you can imagine how Mothers must feel about you!!

No, no! I made food FOR babies! Look, I've received twelve threatening letters! Read this—

"Your Book Of-The-Month Club account is overdue $12.50. If payment is not forthcoming immediately, this matter will be turned over to our Legal Department for further action . . ."

Yes, this is a serious threat!

Whoops! That's the wrong letter! Listen—

"KILLER, PREPARE TO DIE!"

Hmm! It is written in a childish scrawl, so the solution is simple! Did you ever taste Baby Food? Even by American standards, it is deplorable! Why don't you come out with a line of Gourmet Baby Foods . . . mashed lobster and tapioca . . . or perhaps strained Vichysoisse and farina . . .?

FORGET about the Baby Food!! Tell me about the LETTERS!

Ah, yes . . . they were probably written by a disgruntled baby! Therefore, your life is in no danger! What can a small child do . . . attack you with his rattle . . . throttle you with his diaper?!? No, I am sorry! I will not take such a case!

Help! There's a man in my room!

I only wish there was one in mine!

I want my Mommy!

Psst— Colonel!

Belgrade tickets! Belgrade tickets, please!

G'night! Pleasant dreams, Mr. Ratspit

Hmm! This train is more crowded than my cabin in "A Night At The Opera"!

It's nearly Midnight! Why is everybody still up?

Because, my friend, if there is a crime committed at Midnight on this train, all of the passengers will have an iron-clad alibi!

Say . . . what's going on? Why have we stopped?
It is nothing! We are stuck in a snow-slide! But do not worry! They will send a snowplow to clear the tracks!
Mr. Ratspit! Mr. Ratspit!
What seems to be the problem?
I brought Mr. Ratspit his "pick-me-up" . . . and he doesn't answer!
Mr. Ratspit will need more than a "pick-me-up" to pick him up! He will need six pall bearers! He has been murdered! Touch nothing!
But it's impossible! The door was locked from the inside!
The impossible is sometimes probable, and the probable is always possible!
Maybe he's not dead! There's a Doctor in the Coach Section! Go and get him!
The Doctor says he is very sorry . . . but he does not make Compartment calls!
No, he is dead! You will notice that some of his wounds are deep . . . while others are light!
Which means there may have been more than one murderer! Perhaps a strong man, and a weak woman! Or perhaps a strong woman and a weak man!
Or a strong man and a weak man . . . or a strong woman and a weak woman! Or perhaps it was one person who is trying to confuse us!
But you're doing a fine job of that!
Ahh, my friend, I know what you are thinking! You are thinking: How lucky you are that I happen to be a passenger on your train!
Actually, I was thinking: Why couldn't Sherlock Holmes have been a passenger instead!? But . . . since YOU are here, Pirouette, you must solve this murder! I do not want the Jugoslav Police to bother my First Class Passengers! So hurry! I would like this case solved before the snowplow rescues us!
Ahh, I enjoy a good race!
I'm betting on the snowplow!
Clues . . . clues . . . there many clues, I may save some for my next case!
Mr. Ratspit wore one of those watches that stops precisely at the time the wearer is killed, which you can all see is Midnight!
A pipe cleaner! A button from a tunic! A man's handkerchief . . . HONK Does this belong to anybody . . . ?
A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces! A railroad ticket to romantic places . . .
Pirouette! Please! The snowplow will be here soon!
With the help of this hatbox dummy, I will now perform my famous "Restoring The Burned Note" trick! Watch—
It says— "ROSEBUD"! I know!!! Citizen Kane killed Ratspit!!
No, "Rosebud" was the name of the Armpit child who was kidnapped and brutally slain five years ago! This note proves conclusively that Ratspit was the mastermind of that foul deed!

Ratspit was not only responsible for the death of the child, but for the consequent suicides of Colonel and Mrs. Armpit, their Maid, and their pet hamster! Five deaths!! FIVE?! Something is wrong! A little bell in my brain keeps ringing, telling me that there is something wrong!!

That little bell isn't in your brain! It's the SNOW-PLOW! Hurry up and solve the case!!

I have it! I recall that the Armpit hamster had seven babies who were so distraught, they took their own lives! Seven and five makes twelve!! It seems that everything in this case is connected with the number twelve!

Follow! How many passengers are there?

Twelve!

And how many anonymous notes did Ratspit receive?

Twelve!

And how many croissants did each of them have for breakfast?

Twelve!

My God, we're losing a fortune on this run!

The victim was stabbed twelve times, he was murdered at twelve Midnight, there will be twelve men on the jury when I bring the murderer to Justice, today is the twelfth of December, and there are twelve days of Christmas!!

Somebody confess —before he sings all twelve verses!!

Mr. McQueer! We will start the interrogation with you!

Hold on! What right do you have to ask me questions? You're not my Mother! You don't even LOOK like my Mother! Mother was blonde!

M. Pirouette is a famous detective and he has been commissioned by me to solve this murder!

Mr. McQueer, did you LOVE your Mother?

What IS this . . . a murder investigation, or a therapy session?!?

Yes, I loved my Mother! In fact, I still dream about her! And every once in a while, I dress up like her!!

Good Lord, he's psycho!

Mr. McQueer, you are in very serious trouble!!

I'LL say he's in trouble!! He's the MURDERER!!

He is NOT the murderer! He is in trouble because he is an unmarried man who dreams about his Mother! At his age, he should be dreaming about Vanessa Redgrave!

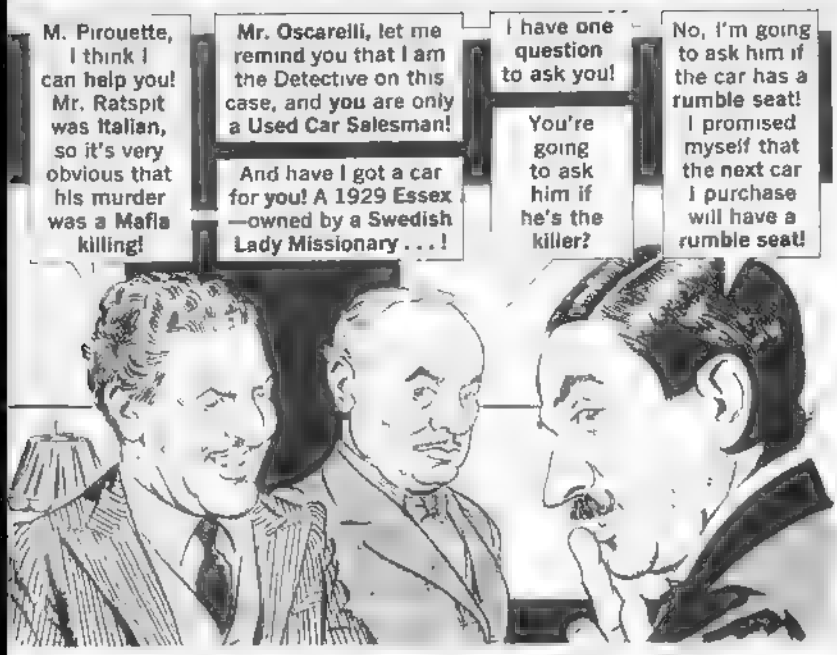
Would you like to question the Butler next?

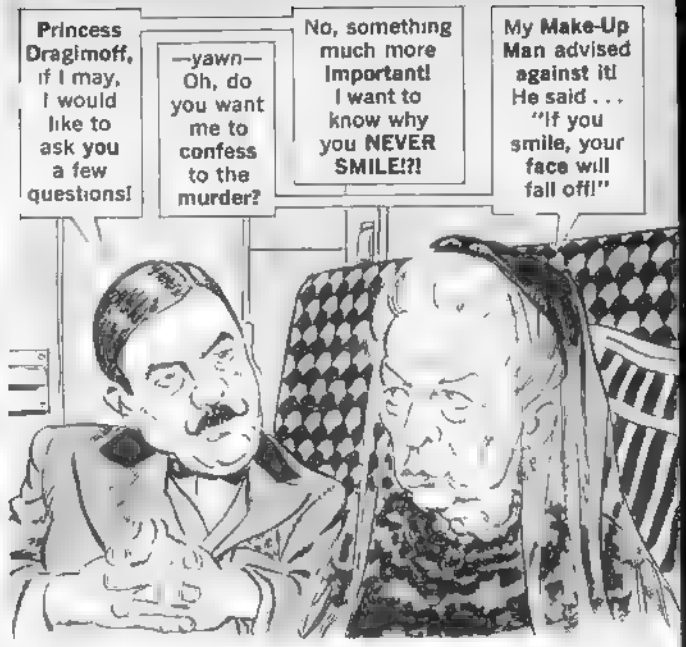
There is no need! If there is one thing I learned as a Master Sleuth, it is that the Butler NEVER did it!

Ahh, Miss Yolson! What is your occupation?

I bane doink God's vork! I bane teachink little brown babies in Afreeka to talk Anglich as goot as me!

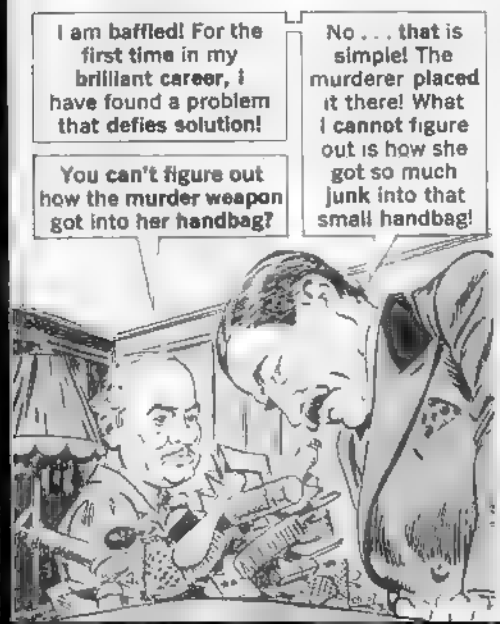
Sacre Bleu! That is the first thing I have heard in this whole investigation that makes any sense!

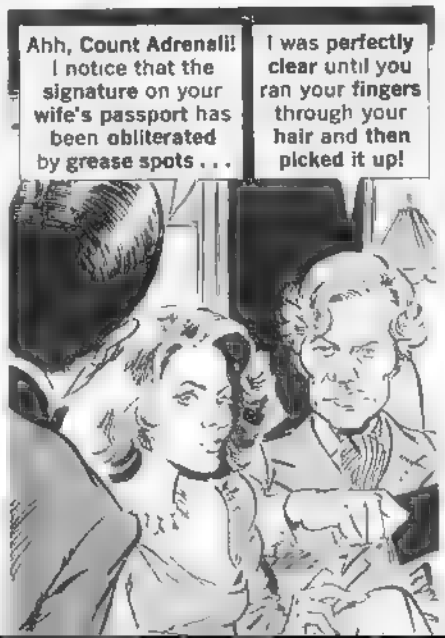

M. Pirouette, I think I can help you! Mr. Ratspit was Italian, so it's very obvious that his murder was a Mafia killing!
Mr. Oscarelli, let me remind you that I am the Detective on this case, and you are only a Used Car Salesman!
And have I got a car for you! A 1929 Essex —owned by a Swedish Lady Missionary . . . !
I have one question to ask you!
You're going to ask him if he's the killer?
No, I'm going to ask him if the car has a rumble seat! I promised myself that the next car I purchase will have a rumble seat!


Princess Dragimoff, if I may, I would like to ask you a few questions!
—yawn— Oh, do you want me to confess to the murder?
No, something much more Important! I want to know why you NEVER SMILE!?!
My Make-Up Man advised against it! He said . . . "If you smile, your face will fall off!"

Fraulein Schnitze! . . . I wish to see the contents of your suitcase!
Jawohl, mein Herr! Let me help you! I am a strong woman . . .
Ahah! What have we here . . . ?!? A Conductor's Uniform with a button missing!!
Phew! You had me vurried! I thought you found my collection of Hotel towels!
KIEV HILTON

M. Pirouette, I've found something interesting! It's here . . . in my bag!
Is this a DAGGER which I see before me?!?
Is that from THE MURDER?!?
No . . . I believe it is from "MacBETH"!!


I am baffled! For the first time in my brilliant career, I have found a problem that defies solution!
You can't figure out how the murder weapon got into her handbag?
No . . . that is simple! The murderer placed it there! What I cannot figure out is how she got so much junk into that small handbag!


Ahh, Count Adrenali! I notice that the signature on your wife's passport has been obliterated by grease spots . . .
I was perfectly clear until you ran your fingers through your hair and then picked it up!

Mr. Lardman, I see by your passport that you are a Theatrical Agent!
Listen to this . . .
Give my regards to Broadway!
I'm sorry!
How about this . . . ?
On the good ship Lollipop!

Listen, I'm not really a Theatrical Agent! That's my cover! I'm a Pinkyton Detective! I was assigned to be Ratspit's bodyguard!

Not really! At Pinkyton's we guarantee our work! Mr. Ratspit is entitled to a full refund!

You didn't do a good job! Ratspit wasted his money!

When I was in the Service, I was stationed in IN-JAH! By George, I enjoy saying that . . . IN-JAH!!

He's the murderer!

He cannot be the murderer! See? He has a license to KILL!

Miss Deviledham, I overheard you tell the Colonel at the station, "Not now! When it is over, maybe then!" When WHAT was over? The Depression?! The moon over Miami!?! Or a MURDER . . . ?!

Sorry, but I'm not at liberty to answer that question!

May I remind you that this is a murder investigation, and you are not at liberty to be at liberty to not be at liberty to answer it!!

UNHAND that lady, Sir!!

I never HANDED her! Perhaps you will answer!

On one condition! Since you are not British, I cannot ask you for your word as a Gentleman—but I want you to give me your word as a foreign Belgian frog that you will never reveal any of what I am about to tell you!

Cross my heart and hope to die!

I am in the process of obtaining a Divorce! I asked the lady to have tea with me in my compartment! She said not until my Divorce is final!

And when did you decide to obtain your Divorce?

At the station!

I will now go to the Dining Car! Assemble the passengers!

Are you going to reveal the murderer?

No . . . I hate eating alone!!

Ladies and gentlemen, I have two possible solutions to the crime! The first is a simple one: the murderer boarded the train at Belgrade disguised as a Conductor . . . hid in Mrs. Haggard's compartment . . . then, using a pass key, entered Ratspit's compartment . . . drugged him . . . stabbed him twelve times . . . put the knife into Mrs. Haggard's bag, the uniform into Fraulein Schnitzel's suitcase . . . then caused the snow slide so the train would be forced to stop, and escaped into the night!

That's the most ridiculous story I have ever heard . . . !

Wait until you hear the SECOND solution!

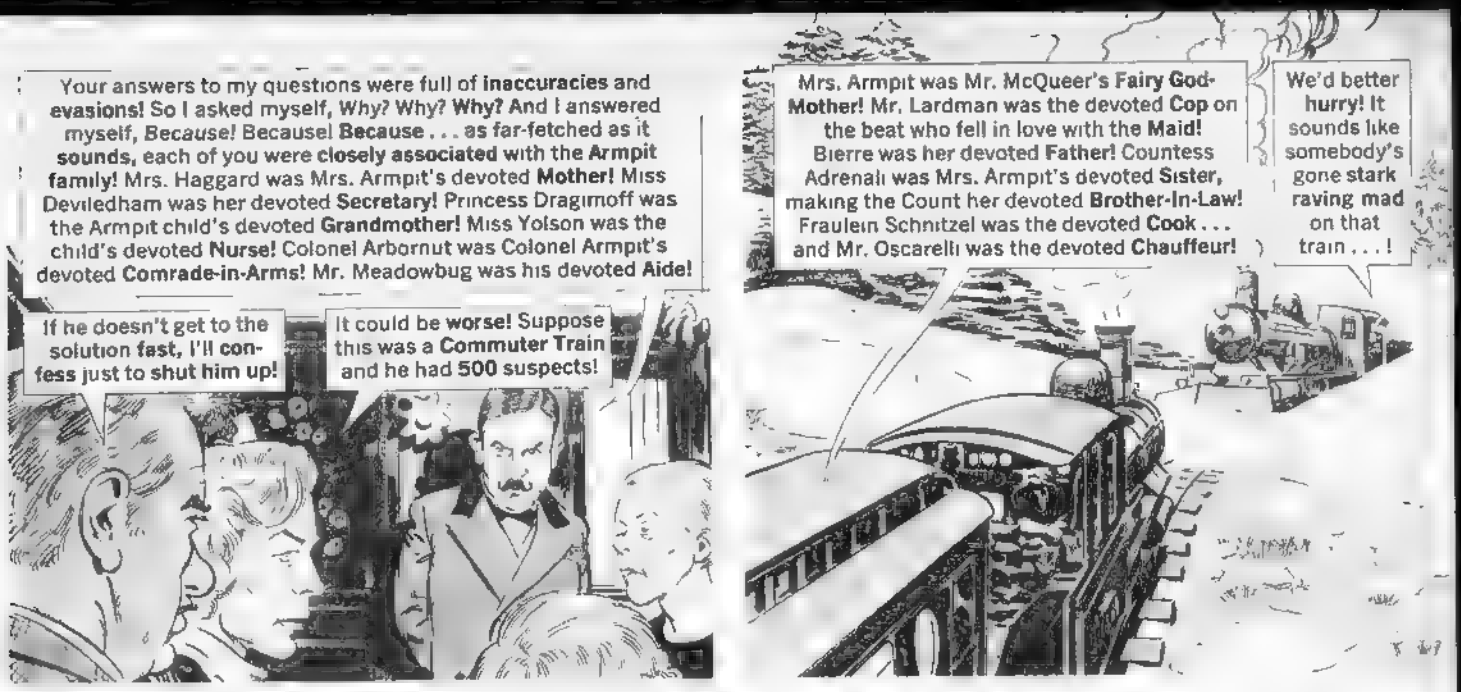
In this solution, there is no mysterious stranger! The Conductor's uniform is just a Red Herring! Incidentally, have any of you tried the Red Herring in Wine Sauce? Delicious! My compliments to the Chef! But tell him—

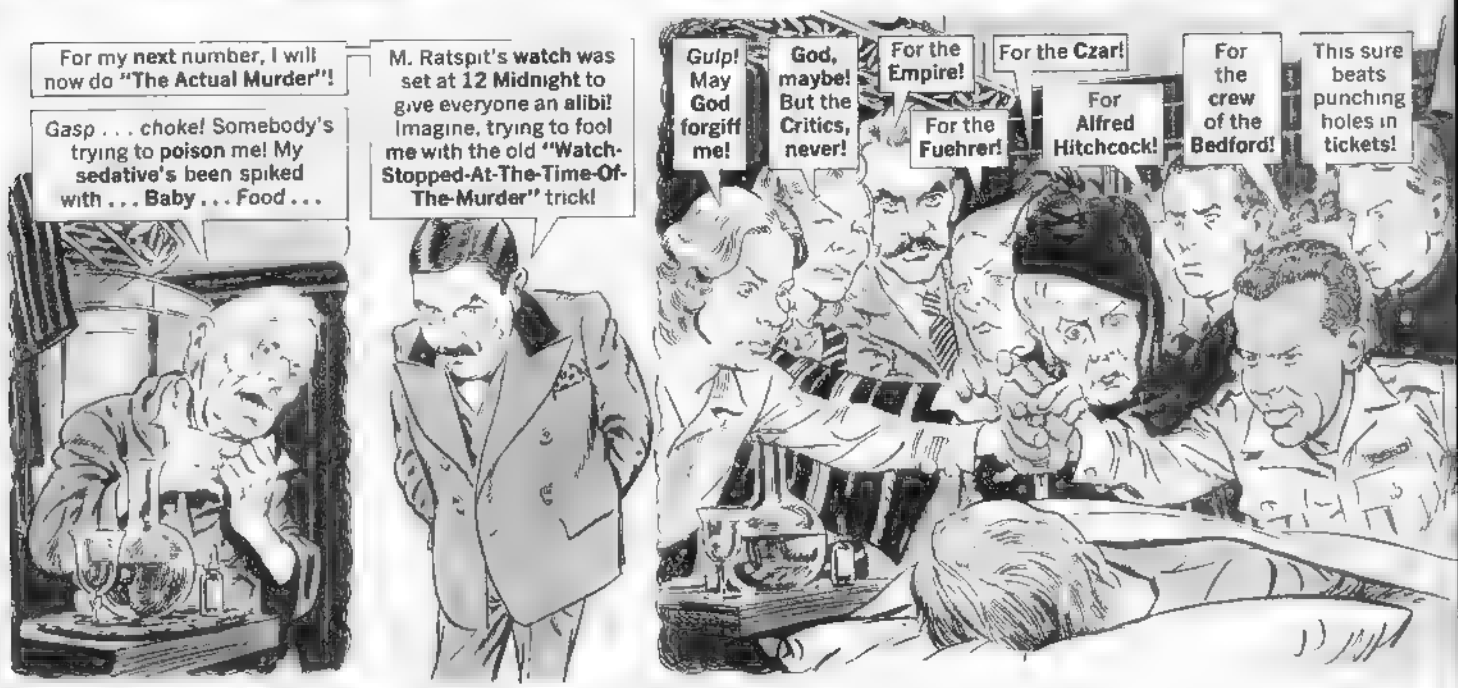
M. Pirouette! I implore you!

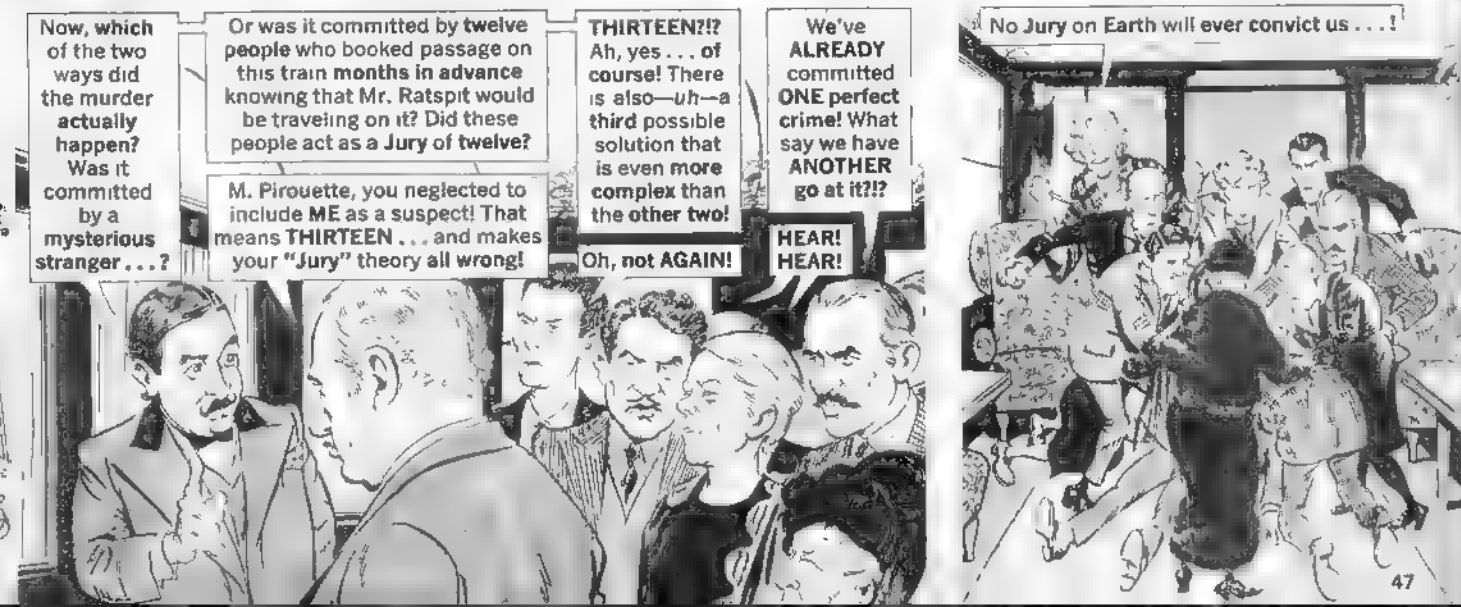
You all remember the Armpit kidnapping! I have positive evidence . . . this burned burnt note . . . which proves that Mr. Ratspit was the mastermind behind that horrible crime!

Will that stand up in court?

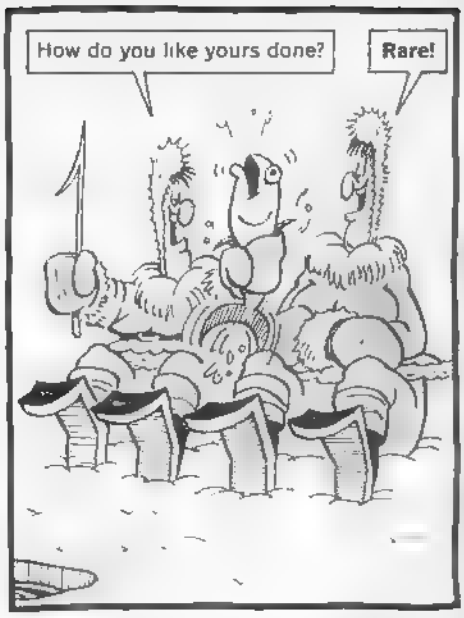
It will—if nobody turns on a fan!


Your answers to my questions were full of **inaccuracies** and **evasions!** So I asked myself, *Why?* Why? **Why?** And I answered myself, *Because!* Because! **Because** . . . as far-fetched as it **sounds,** each of you were **closely associated** with the **Armpit family!** Mrs. Haggard was Mrs. Armpit's devoted **Mother!** Miss Deviledham was her devoted **Secretary!** Princess Dragimoff was the Armpit child's devoted **Grandmother!** Miss Yolson was the child's devoted **Nurse!** Colonel Arbornut was Colonel Armpit's devoted **Comrade-in-Arms!** Mr. Meadowbug was his devoted **Aide!**
If he doesn't get to the solution **fast,** I'll **confess just to shut him up!**
It could be **worse!** Suppose this was a **Commuter Train** and he had **500** suspects!
Mrs. Armpit was Mr. McQueer's **Fairy God-Mother!** Mr. Lardman was the devoted **Cop** on the beat who fell in love with the **Maid!** Bierre was her devoted **Father!** Countess Adrenali was Mrs. Armpit's devoted **Sister,** making the Count her devoted **Brother-In-Law!** Fraulein Schnitzel was the devoted **Cook** . . . and Mr. Oscarelli was the devoted **Chauffeur!**
We'd better **hurry!** It sounds like somebody's gone **stark raving mad** on that train . . . !


For my **next** number, I will now do **"The Actual Murder"!**
Gasp . . . choke! Somebody's trying to **poison** me! My **sedative's been spiked with . . . Baby . . . Food . . .**
M. Ratspit's **watch** was set at **12 Midnight** to give everyone an **alibi!** Imagine, trying to fool **me** with the old **"Watch-Stopped-At-The-Time-Of-The-Murder"** trick!
Gulp! May **God forgiff me!**
God, maybe! But the **Critics, never!**
For the Empire!
For the Fuehrer!
For the Czar!
For Alfred Hitchcock!
For the crew of the Bedford!
This sure beats punching holes in tickets!


Now, **which** of the two ways did the murder **actually** happen? Was it committed by a **mysterious stranger . . . ?**
Or was it committed by **twelve people** who booked passage on this train **months in advance** knowing that Mr. Ratspit would be traveling on it? Did these people act as a **Jury of twelve?**
M. Pirouette, you neglected to include **ME** as a suspect! That means **THIRTEEN . . .** and makes your **"Jury"** theory **all wrong!**
THIRTEEN?!? Ah, yes . . . **of course!** There is also—*uh*—a **third** possible solution that is even **more complex** than the **other two!**
Oh, not AGAIN!
We've **ALREADY** committed **ONE perfect crime!** What say we have **ANOTHER** go at it?!?
HEAR! HEAR!
No Jury on Earth will ever convict us . . . !

ONE SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE NORTH POLE


How do you like yours done?
Rare!

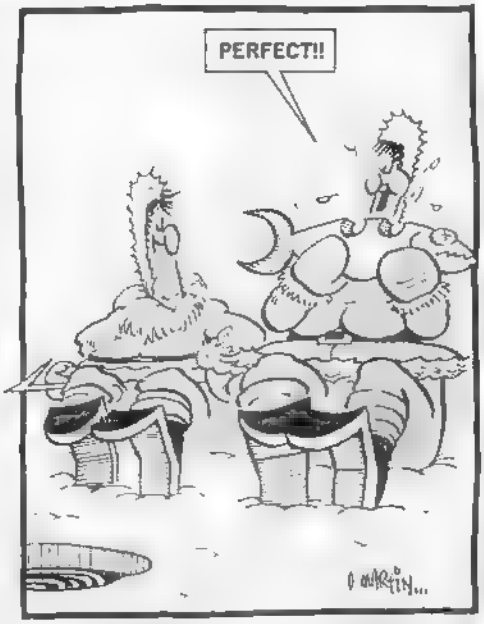
WAK
WAK
WAK
WAK
WAK
WAK
WAK
WAK
WAK

CHEEOMP! CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP

No . . . this is a little TOO rare!

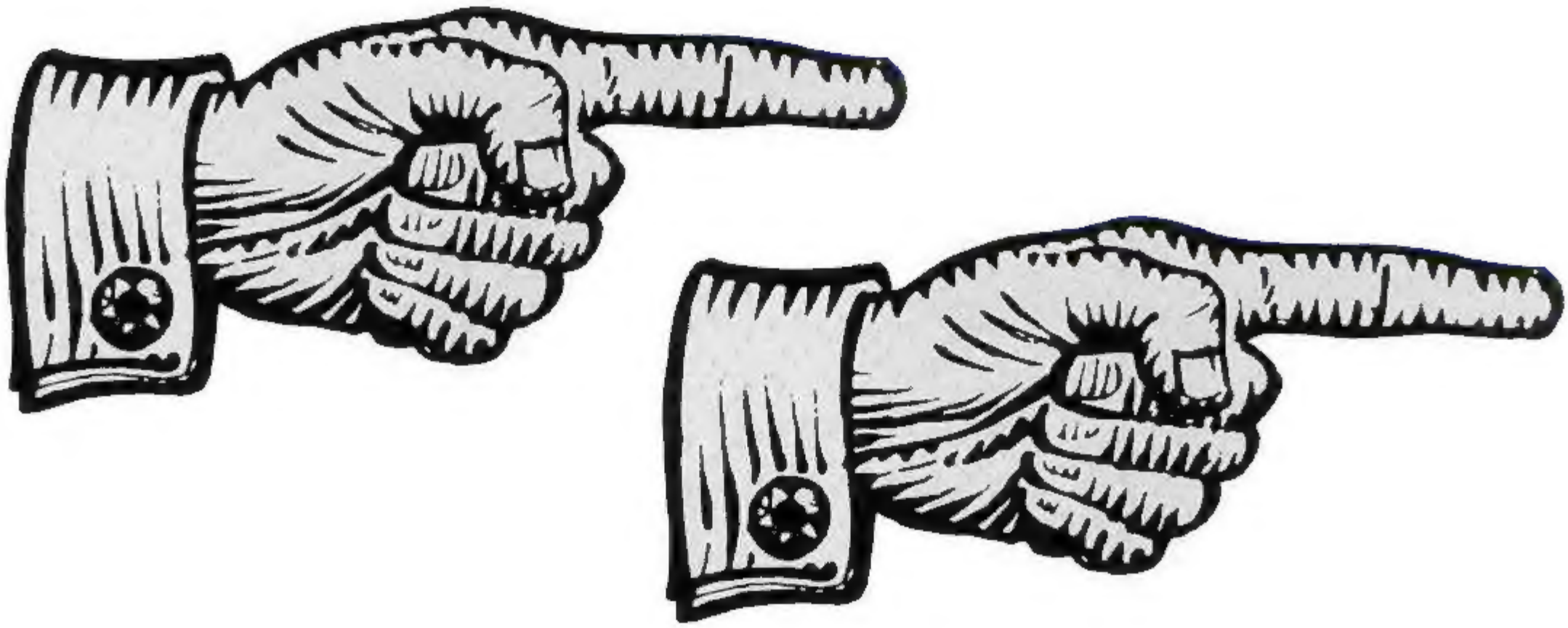
WAK

CHEEOMP CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP


PERFECT!!

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT LARGE GROUP WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO HAVE PRESIDENT FORD JOIN THEIR RANKS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Groups with special problems always attempt to enlist prominent new members in order to focus attention on their needs. Thus, President Ford is eagerly sought by many to lend prestige to their cause. To discover one of the largest of these groups, simply fold in the page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THOUSANDS OF GROUPS HOPE FORD WILL COME JOIN THEIR RANKS SO THE PRESIDENT CAN BLESS THEM WITH HIS PRESENCE AND APPROVAL

A▸ ◂B

WHAT LARGE GROUP WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO HAVE PRESIDENT FORD JOIN THEIR RANKS?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THE JOBLESS

A▸◂B

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID!

PHOTOGRAPHER; IRVING SCHILD

ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER